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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ENGLAND DEBATES INFLATION

BRITISH inflationists, who have been unusually active of late, are not having as smooth sailing as was for a time predicted. Sir Arthur Balfour, who presided at the quarterly meeting of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce in London last month, said that inflation was 'as malignant a disease as cancer.' His personal experience indicated that whenever Great Britain discussed inflation it started a panic abroad. Inflation invariably 'reduces the efficiency of the people and the production of the country where it is adopted. Great Britain possibly deflated too quickly in her desire to get back to fundamentals, but, even if so, to inflate the currency again would be no remedy.'

The *Statist* devotes an editorial to this theme, from which we quote the following suggestive paragraphs:—

Incontestably inflation offers in many respects a ready and easy solution of our difficulties—at a price. Our export trade cannot recover because of underselling by foreign countries; inflation can place us on a level footing with our competitors. Our taxpayers are groaning under a burden of debt which we must almost despair of ever being able to pay; by inflating the currency we can make the load, of our internal debt at least, as light as we wish. The number

of our unemployed is still well above the million mark; their cost is so great and there seems so little prospect of finding work for them that we are compelled to consider a scheme for sending them out of the country—by applying to our industries the facile spur of inflation we could hope in a short time to find employment for all.

That inflation can accomplish these things—whose nonperformance has harassed the Government for the past five years—is unquestionable, but to anybody who has a hand in supporting the national credit a deliberate policy of inflation is unthinkable. Yet in the country at large there is a dangerous majority to which, far from being repugnant, the idea of a 'forced draught' of inflation is eminently acceptable. . . .

There are two main arguments against inflation. The first is that it destroys capital. The second is that it destroys credit. Capital is a vital element in production, and capital cannot circulate without credit. The credit argument derives a quite exceptional force in its application to this country from the fact that by a century of sound and prudent finance, by strict honoring of our obligations, we have won to the position of the foremost financial centre of the world. From our advantages in this respect we derive a huge yearly income, while we have also been enabled to find ever new directions for expansion of our trade. If we now embarked on a deliberate policy of inflation the labor of a century could be destroyed in a few months. . . .

The strongest consideration against the adoption of a deliberate policy of inflation by this country is that it would be the signal for a fresh orgy of inflation by countries abroad. Few would preserve a sorry financial rectitude in face of the demoralizing example set by us. Moreover, if all currencies are depreciating at the same rate it is obvious that none has a balance of advantage as regards what is known as exchange dumping of commodities. There would, therefore, have to be a competition in inflation if ability to undersell is the object of each. In that event, the economic fabric of the world would swiftly collapse under a deluge of paper money.

The last suggestion is confirmed by *L'Indépendance Belge*, which learns with surprise that the suggestion is being seriously considered in England of issuing 'a formidable quantity of bank notes.' This journal says: —

England astonished the world by the ease and promptness with which she re-established her financial equilibrium. . . . The misfortune is that her example was not followed elsewhere. France and Belgium, faced with the problem of rebuilding their ravished territories, did not dare. . . . Germany has deliberately sabotaged her finances to escape her obligations under the Treaty of Versailles. . . . Now England seems determined to pursue the same fatal course.

From all this the conclusion is drawn that England should turn in and help France and Belgium collect their debts from Germany, and thereby restore the value of their currency in exchange. She would then have no temptation to debase her credit.

The latest advices from England indicate that this issue is taking a firmer hold on public interest with every day that passes — something as the 'sixteen to one' controversy absorbed the attention of the American people twenty years ago. Mr. McKenna writes to Mr. Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*: 'A policy either of

inflation or of deflation should never be adopted except as a corrective, and the degree of unemployment at any given time will always furnish a test of the right medicine to be applied.' The suggestion that Great Britain 'Germanize' her finances is repudiated as rank heresy by investing circles. A writer in the *Outlook* inquires: 'Will the holders of from one to two thousand million pounds' worth of foreign securities, whose interest is paid in *sterling*, understand, in time, that while inflation was enriching our industrial magnates it would make a present to the South Americans, for instance, of all the railways in South America built with British capital?'

The *Economist* apparently does not welcome the agitation of the question. Mr. Baldwin, in his Plymouth speech, formally announced that the Government would have nothing to do with a 'suggestion for creating out of nothing artificial money to finance this, that, and the other.' But public pronouncements of this sort may be interpreted in various ways, and the idea that the Government really intends to do something in the direction suggested will not down. Labor — at least political labor leaders — seems to have made up its mind to oppose both inflation and Protection. It is deterred from the first by the example of the distress of the working classes under the régime of inflation in Russia and Germany.

The Nation and the Athenæum says: 'It has become almost a platitude to say that inflation and deflation are equally bad, and that what is desirable is a stable price level.' This paper calls the inflation excitement a bogey, and declares: 'Inflation, so far as can be discovered after a vigorous heresy hunt, has not been advocated in any responsible quarter.' The Council of the Federation of British Industries

adopted last month a resolution that was interpreted in many quarters as urging the Government to consider an inflation policy. The publication of the report, however, corrects this, for price stabilization is the end sought. The inflationist interpretation of the report appears to be due to the recommendation that the policy 'should not be to stabilize prices at the abnormally low level shown by the index number at the bottom of a severe depression, but at such an increase on this level as normal trade activity would entail.'



MEXICO'S SCHOOL CAMPAIGN

MEXICO'S admirable effort to lift the pall of ignorance from her people is receiving more attention in Europe than in this country. Even if the present campaign attains only a few of its objectives, and those incompletely, such partial success will not be an unworthy achievement.

The Government's educational programme is divided into various sections or *campañas*. The first is to abolish illiteracy. A corps of volunteer teachers has been organized, with groups all over the Republic, to assist the regular salaried teachers. So far the system is reported to be working well. Many women and even children are engaged in this unremunerated work.

It was found, for example, that the State of Mexico, within which the capital city and Federal District are located, has over 382,000 illiterates among its 906,000 people over ten years of age. In order to secure this census of illiterates, the whole state was canvassed by volunteer enumerators, to each of whom was assigned a small district which he was able to cover thoroughly. Upon a basis of the statistics thus obtained, arrangements have been made to open between four and five thousand schools with

from twelve to fifteen thousand volunteer teachers, to supplement the public schools already in existence. These teachers will concentrate their attention upon short daily lessons in the three R's to the particular group assigned them. Doctors, priests, lawyers, engineers, architects, and students have volunteered for this work.

Among the other *campañas*, or campaigns, is one to popularize training in craftsmanship and household industries. Trade schools for men and women are being organized throughout the Republic, to teach the commoner trades, popular electrical engineering, automobile repairing, bookkeeping, and domestic science. Another campaign has for its object 'developing and cultivating the artistic and literary gifts of the Mexican people.' Its leaders organize popular concerts of native music, provide a better class of movie show than the people have hitherto enjoyed, and encourage instruction in drawing and painting in the public schools. Still another campaign is undertaking a work somewhat similar to that of community centres in the United States.



POLITICAL NOTES FROM FRANCE

La France Militaire, an organ representing French army interests, protests against what it considers the unfair attitude of the Swedish press toward France. It quotes from papers of every creed and party in that country such expressions as these: 'At Gelsenkirchen the French authorities are celebrating savage orgies of the cat-o'-nine-tails'; 'The invading forces demean themselves in a most provocative manner'; 'French tyranny in Mainz'; 'French Prussianism at its worst.'

The alliance projected between Sweden and Finland, and received with remarkably good grace by Great Brit-

ain, is recognized to be a check on French designs in the Baltic, and to give Great Britain and the Scandinavian Powers virtual control of Europe's northern waters.

These quotations illustrate an attitude toward France not confined to the Scandinavian countries. Paris papers are indignant over what they consider equally unfair attacks in the Spanish press, even under the present military censorship, and headlines in leading Italian papers, like *Corriere della Sera*, are pronouncedly anti-Gallic. While England and the Northern Powers are drawing closer together in the Baltic, Italy and Spain seem to be initiating a sort of comradeship in the Mediterranean. Indeed, occasional but unmistakable evidences appear that France is beginning to feel the same fear of encirclement that played so important a part in the psychology of Imperial Germany.

Champions of international amity are as outspoken in France as in any other country of Europe, and their voices seem to reach farther than those of Germany's propagandists of understanding before the war. Henri Barbusse, whom all the world recognizes as one of the foremost literary men in Europe, is facing prosecution for making the following statement in an address before the International Veteran's Congress: —

Two years ago, in the midst of the diplomatic difficulties between France and Germany over what is called the question of Reparations, — as if one could repair a war! — Karl Tied wrote me, in the name of the German veterans, that you had sworn, in case you were mobilized, to turn your arms against your officers rather than against your French brothers. I read that letter to our National Congress at Levallois, and at that moment the importance and the meaning of the Veterans' International was revealed more vividly than ever before. Those words recur to me in

our present period of stress. I address my words, through you, to the French soldiers of the Army of Occupation. I cannot communicate with them directly, but I know that in one way and another the words I pronounce here will be carried to them, and on my return to France I shall have them printed. I cry out to them: 'If they tell you to march against your German brothers, who carry in their bosoms and in their hands the safety of the proletariat, refuse! Realize where your cause and your destiny lie before committing the crime of obeying your officers.'

The lively press debate occasioned by the proposal that our Government join in an inquiry as to Germany's ability to pay Reparations elicited the following restatement of French policy from *Le Temps*: —

Our doctrine is that Germany can pay and prosper at the same time, providing that the problem is handled wisely. French policy may therefore be summarized thus: Let us compel the German Government to reorganize its finances on a sound basis and to pay up, so that we may meet our debts to our Allies after receiving Reparations for our material losses. But England takes a different attitude. Her claim for material damages against Germany is practically nothing. On the other hand, if we make Germany pay she will have to increase her exports, which will compete with those of England, for the German workman works harder. So England prefers to have Germany pay as little as possible and German industries remain stagnant. At the same time England is interested in having the Interallied debt scaled down, for this will reduce Germany's debt.

It is true that England has promised to pay what she owes the United States, but she hopes to collect an equal sum from the Continental Governments. This means that these Governments will not pay the United States. Moreover, since England promised to pay the United States the pound sterling has fallen appreciably instead of rising, as was imprudently predicted. In a word, English policy will prove mistaken unless the United States

can be persuaded to relinquish a good part of its claims; but English statesmen know that they will have to make many detours to accomplish this. They are now groping through this labyrinth, and it is not necessary to have the sentiments of Ariadne to follow with interest the sinuous route of Theseus. There are few more absorbing pastimes even for spectators forced to believe that the Minotaur was right.

Discussing the refusal of the United States to accept Poincaré's conditions for this inquiry, *Le Temps* hints in a later issue that British banking interests brought their influence to bear to defeat such a project.

Naturally one of the indispensable objects of such an investigation would be to discover hidden German capital. How could the resources of Germany be evaluated, and its Government assisted to levy against those resources, unless the Germans who have exported a large part of their property were forced to repatriate it? We have suggested previously that England and France set a good example by ferreting out the German capital in their countries. But this proposal unhappily met prompt opposition in London. . . . It was feared that German capital might leave England and thus depreciate the pound sterling.



MINOR NOTES

THE evening of the third 'Cow Day' at the Moscow Agricultural Exposition wound up with the solemn trial of a cow before a jury of peasants with an agricultural expert as a foreman. The cow was charged with these serious delinquencies: underweight, deficient development, inadequate milk-production. Other offenses, such as producing low-grade calves, were also in the indictment. The witnesses for the defense described how poorly the animal was fed and pointed out how she might be improved by better treatment. The prosecutor argued that the fault was in the breed. The jury's verdict was

'not guilty' for the cow and 'guilty' for the owner of the cow, who was sentenced to a course of study in an agricultural institute.

PRINCE YUSUPOV, one of the principal actors in the murder of Rasputin, as reported in the *Living Age* of November 17, has written to *Le Matin*, the journal from which our article was translated, protesting against it as containing — without giving specifications — *beaucoup d'inexactitudes*. This account, which has just appeared in France, was originally published in Russia immediately after the Revolution, and terminated the friendship between Prince Yusupov and its writer, Vladimir Purishkevich.

In extenuating the crime, Prince Yusupov says: —

If certain details of the murder seem revolting, they are to a certain extent justified by the exceptionally complicated situation through which they arose. We were inspired by a single sentiment, a single desire: to save the Tsar and the country from ruin. The end justified the means, and if it had been necessary to adopt even more dreadful measures we were ready to do so and to face whatever consequences might result.

WHILE automobile-production is making new records in the United States, the motor-cycle industry is having an era of unprecedented prosperity in Great Britain. These vehicles are cheaper to-day than they were in 1914, and in addition are far more reliable, efficient, and economical to run than at the earlier date.

THE *Japan Chronicle* reports at least one lucky earthquake victim — the head of an old and respectably established drug-house that has traded for over a dozen generations in Ginza, the principal shopping-street of Tokyo.

From its ancestors, the Maruhachi family had received and transmitted from generation to generation a sealed instrument, with instructions that it should be opened only if the family house fell into a destitute state. This packet was rescued when the present head of the firm fled from his burning premises. Upon opening it, he found instructions to dig at such and such a place in his warehouse. He did so, and to his amazement discovered three earthenware pots full of kobangs — the oval-shaped gold coins of feudal days. Their value is computed at several hundred thousand yen.

SOME POLITICAL CARICATURES
OF THE WEEK

THE hard-pressed prairie farmer and the equally hard-pressed European bread-buyer naturally view wheat prices from opposite angles. The following cartoon from the Swedish Liberal daily, *Göteborg Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, illustrates a phase of European sentiment with which some of our readers may be unfamiliar.



DEATH: Instead of letting your wheat rot, why not sell it cheap to Europe?

UNCLE SAM: So you could loaf all winter, I suppose.

L'Œuvre, a Paris Radical paper with Socialist leanings, makes the return of the Crown Prince to Germany the occasion for the following graphic representation of conditions in that country, over the legend:—

'Look out, Your Highness, mind your step!'



L'Humanité returns to the situation in the Rhineland with another ironical thrust at the *Sonderbündler* and their French patrons. Dr. Dorten, the Separatist leader, is pictured putting himself hastily under the protection of a French sentry, with the introductory words of one of his pronouncements in his mouth:—

'The people of the Rhine are behind me.'



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: A WORLD COURT OR WORLD CLUB?

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

[The brilliant editor of Le Matin represents a school of League critics almost diametrically opposed to that of Mr. Garvin, whose article introduced our issue of November 24. Like Mr. Garvin, he would strengthen the League, but so as to make it a military alliance of the victorious Powers, not a World Parliament. We shall print a Pro-League article by Lord Robert Cecil next week.]

From the *English Review*, November
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

My first and last interview with Lord Robert Cecil, early in 1919, will remain one of the most pleasant recollections of my journalistic career. It took place in Paris. The Peace Conference had just opened, and no one knew what it might engender, particularly with regard to a League of Nations. Was the League to be part of the Peace Treaty? How was it to function? Was it to be a hare or a hound? Nobody knew the answer to these questions; but all knew that Lord Robert Cecil was among the most enthusiastic priests of this new idol.

I went to see him at the headquarters of the British delegation, where he had his office. He welcomed me in the pleasant manner so characteristic of him, which adds to the natural charm of his personality. Our conversation immediately turned to the League's future, and Lord Robert asked me what the French thought of it.

'They consider it,' I replied, 'in the shape of a great club, where representatives of the nations of the world may meet at a certain fixed time of the year; and where they will learn to know each other, and thereby understand each other's aims and aspirations. The delegates will listen to lectures that will inform them of world movements and events. They will

coöperate for some useful purpose and leave the meetings impregnated with an atmosphere of good humor and good will that cannot but have its repercussion on world relations.'

Lord Robert seemed to be horrified with the idea I had sketched. 'A club!' he exclaimed. 'Are you talking seriously? The League must be something much higher and nobler. It must be the World's Supreme Court.'

He developed his thesis with heat, eloquence, and clearness. 'The world,' he continued, 'is sick of quarrels and wars. Does a civilized nation permit its citizens to obtain justice by fighting in the street? Why, then, should the civilized world tolerate that nations obtain justice by fighting on the seas or on the earth? The hour has come to end this state of affairs once and for all. It is necessary to create a Supreme Court of International Justice, before which all cases may be brought and settled.'

I asked Lord Robert what material force could be put at the disposition of such a court to enforce its decisions.

'No material force at all,' he replied. 'It won't need any. It shall act as the conscience of the world. That will be sufficient. Moral forces are always superior to physical forces.'

I objected that the French, who ever

mix logic with idealism, could never concur in such lofty reasoning. They had just had before their eyes the vision of four years during which terrible crimes had been committed against humanity and justice; yet the moral force of the 'world's conscience' had been totally inadequate to repress the crimes or to punish the criminals. If it had not been for the physical force of thousands of big cannons made in England and in France; and if America had not come forward with a million stalwart sons, and the most magnificent war material yet seen, Belgium would have been suppressed, France enslaved, and England humbled. A court of justice in every civilized nation of the world has at its disposition a police force, or at least a sergeant-at-arms. A policeman well in evidence has something more than merely his moral force to repress crime in the streets — he has his physical force, to which he often adds a revolver of the latest model.

Lord Robert Cecil listened gently and attentively to my prosaic argument; but I failed to convince him — just as he had failed, with his high idealism, to convince me. We separated in a friendly manner, after we had done a great deal of talking; but neither of us had very much understood the argument of the other.

The Peace Conference went on, and the same misunderstandings that had separated Lord Robert Cecil and myself continued to separate the Anglo-Saxon and French negotiators, when the famous covenant was drawn up. M. Léon Bourgeois, who was the spokesman of France, recently told me of the dramatic struggle that he had been forced to carry on for three months, in which he had finally gone under.

'Nobody,' he said, 'believes more than I do in moral forces. But when moral forces have failed, physical

forces must be resorted to. The essence of justice is that, when a sentence is rendered in court by a judge, it must be respected and executed. Otherwise it is not justice. . . . From the very beginning of our work on the League Commission, I defended this thesis. I did not ask that the League should have an army, a navy, or cannons. But I asked that it should envisage the possibility, in case its authority met with defiance, that it may have recourse to force. Finally, I made the following proposition: *A permanent organization shall be constituted that shall foresee and prepare military and naval means of executing obligations imposed upon the high contracting Powers by the present covenant, and shall ensure its own immediate efficiency in all urgent cases.*

'I immediately encountered almost unanimous opposition from all delegates, President Wilson and Lord Robert Cecil being in the forefront of my contradictors. They argued that, if it was considered necessary to employ force in order to cause nations to respect their engagements, it was merely a question of substituting international militarism for national militarism. I did not insist on formulas, which could not be negotiated, but on my general idea, which seemed reasonable to me — the necessity of sanctions. The debate lasted about three months. Finally my proposition was voted on and rejected by 12 to 2. Only one nation — Czechoslovakia — voted with France. All the other nations represented voted against the proposition. Yet none of them proposed a text to replace my own, for none of them admitted the principle I had defended. I was outrageously beaten.'

France was, of course, beaten with M. Léon Bourgeois. Her conception of the League, therefore, underwent a

considerable change. No Frenchman can conceive a court without a policeman. Yet every Frenchman can conceive a club without a police force. Moreover, the prevailing sentiment in France for the League is neither that of enthusiasm, such as may be found in certain quarters abroad, nor that of hostility, such as noted in other quarters. One never becomes very enthusiastic nor very hostile with regard to a club. The prevailing sentiment in France is tepidity with regard to the League. Nobody in France discusses the League very much; nobody in France places any great hopes in the League; yet nobody in France wishes to harm the League. It is considered much like the birds that the farmer tolerates over his fields of grain. He knows well enough that these birds can never stop a hailstorm; but he also knows that they eat the insects that may damage his grain.

Now let us see how far the events of the past three years justify French public opinion.

In four cases, the League of Nations had been called upon to act on serious divergences between members — once between Bolivia and Chile; a second time concerning Vilna; a third with reference to Upper Silesia; and lately in the quarrel between Italy and Greece.

One day, in September 1921, Bolivia bitterly complained against Chile before the Assembly of the League. 'Our country is as large as France,' its delegate pointed out pathetically, 'yet, because of a treaty imposed upon us after our defeat of 1883, we are in a state of semidependence. We are cut off from the sea; and, in view of the fact that Article 19 of the pact states that "*the League from time to time may invite its members to proceed to a new examination of treaties that have become inapplicable,*" we ask for a re-

vision of the treaty that has been imposed upon us.'

Chile objected on the ground that one could not continually revise treaties. Furthermore, it added with some ability, the Monroe Doctrine did not permit the League of Nations to intervene in the quarrels of the various American States.

Seized with respect and terror at this invocation of the Monroe Doctrine, the League immediately put the question into the hands of a Commission, which has been careful about formulating an opinion; and for the past two years Bolivia has not as yet been able to obtain a reply.

With regard to Vilna, claimed by Lithuania, and annexed by Poland, the attitude of the League has been even more ridiculous. M. Paul Hymans, the Belgian statesman, who was charged by the League with the arbitration of this *différend*, rendered three successive judgments, none of which has been executed, the Lithuanians taking in his decision that part which served their purpose, and refusing to adhere to that part which displeased them. The Poles did the same. For two years the League endeavored to conciliate the enemy pleaders, with no results. Finally, on March 14, 1923, the Council of Ambassadors sitting in Paris traced the eastern frontiers of Poland, and attributed Vilna to that country. That was the end of the dispute. All the merit for this goes to the Council of Ambassadors, otherwise the debate might still have been continuing at Geneva.

The case of Upper Silesia is practically the only one wherein the decision of the League of Nations was strictly and immediately adhered to by the appealing parties, Great Britain and France. It is therefore the case of which the League is most proud. Now, whenever anyone casts any doubt on

the authority of the Geneva Assembly, he is immediately confronted with the Upper Silesia decision. 'Don't forget,' one is told, 'that the League solved the problem confronting the world in Upper Silesia.' But, in all honor, one may still point out that any other arbiter might have settled it in a like manner. If, instead of appealing to the Council of the League of Nations, France and Great Britain had appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, or to the Pope, they might have no doubt obtained a similar verdict; and they might no doubt have bowed before the decision of the Supreme Court of America, or of the Pope, just as they had bowed before the decision of the Geneva Council.

Last, but not least, we have had the conflict between Italy and Greece. I happened to be in the audience when, on September 5, the affair was brought up before the League. A public that was both ardent and nervous filled the assembly room. The air was fairly saturated with feverish passion. The emotion of the audience reached its height, after it had heard M. Salandra plead the cause of Italy, and M. Politis that of Greece. Lord Robert Cecil rose. A strange light burned in his eyes. With impressive solemnity he asked that the articles of the pact be read. He then added: 'If the treaties are not observed, Europe no longer exists.' A shudder passed through the galleries, and the reporters stopped writing, to applaud. Women stood up and acclaimed the speaker, waving their handkerchiefs.

But, for my part, I could not help but think that there were in the Peace Treaty many other articles that are now dead letters. There is, for instance, Article 227, which states: '*The Allied and Associated Powers publicly arraign William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for a su-*

preme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties. A special tribunal will be constituted to try the accused. . . .' This was signed by twenty-seven nations. The article has never been observed; yet Europe still exists.

In fact, I had never had so little an impression of a Court of Justice as I had that day of September 5, 1923, when the League of Nations wanted to render justice. Both the jury and the audience were agitated with too much passion. In order to render international justice, just as in the rendering of justice in an ordinary criminal case, a more serene atmosphere and less noise is necessary. It is necessary to feel that politics is not planing over the Court. An inflexible jurisprudence is also needed upon which the judges may lean with authority.

Now the Geneva Court has no definite rule of judgment and its attitude may vary according to time, circumstances, and pleaders. One cannot, for instance, help being struck by its indifference toward events in the Near East in 1921 and 1922. At that time the whole of Asia Minor was a prey to fire and sword. Fighting was taking place along thousands and thousands of miles. Whole provinces were devastated. Towns were burning. Thousands of human beings perished. Greece threw herself headlong into the conquest of an immense territory. What did the League of Nations do then? Nothing. What did the conscience of the world say? Nothing. Not once did a debate on the subject arise in Geneva. And, when one goes through the records of the discussions of the World's Assembly, one sees with stupefaction that the only sensational initiative that the League of Nations thought proper to take in the Near East was to create an inspection of the harems!

This explains why to-day the immense majority of Frenchmen are little disposed to consider the League of Nations as the World's Court of Justice and as an organization to ensure peace. In one particular circumstance—the war in Asia Minor—the Court remained strangely deaf and dumb, doing nothing to ensure peace. In the four cases brought before it for judgment, in the first—the case of Bolivia and Chile—it failed to render any decision at all; in the second—the case of Vilna—and in the fourth—that of Corfu—it failed to conciliate the pleaders, and was forced to place them in the hands of the Council of Ambassadors in Paris. It was only once—in the case of Upper Silesia—that it succeeded. But anyone would have succeeded, as the adverse parties had decided to submit the question to arbitration. Even then we assisted at a rather extraordinary spectacle: that of one of the judges—the Spanish arbiter—refusing to take the responsibility of delivering the sentence, and passing his pen to another judge—the Japanese arbiter.

No; let us rather look upon the League of Nations as a club. It may be a club in the high sense of the word. It may be a club where great and noble problems are discussed, and where countries separated by natural distance may learn to know each other, and thereby to come to a better mutual understanding. How many personal susceptibilities may be smoothed out by the mutual relations brought up in a club! What useful arrangements can there not be made through the medium of a club!

At the same time, the club should not be run at too high a cost. The actual cost of the League of Nations seems to be unusually high. Expenses for the present year, 1923, alone amounted to £1,000,000 in round

figures, which could be divided as follows:—

Secretaryship of the League.....	£600,000
High International Court of Justice.....	72,000
International Labor Organization....	328,000
Total.....	£1,000,000

The personnel of the League Secretaryship has grown to formidable proportions. In 1920 the League's budget provided for one general secretary, one assistant-secretary, two undersecretaries, and eleven chiefs of sections, as well as several employees, comprising in all about thirty people. In 1923 the budget provided salaries for 480 persons. These salaries are rather high. It is thus that the general secretary receives an annual salary of £7000; the assistant-secretary, £4000; the undersecretaries each receive £1000; and so on. To take but a single item, the League library alone employs eighteen people: that is, one chief librarian, twelve assistant-librarians, two stenographers, two copiers, and a messenger boy. And in Paris, the Arsenal Library, containing 800,000 books and receiving 30,000 readers every year, carries on its service with twelve employees, whose remunerations are nothing like the salaries paid in Geneva.

The same may be said of the International Labor Office, which includes a Board of Directors of 15 persons, a Research Section of 74 persons, a Diplomatic Section of 49 persons, and a News and Information Section of 89 persons. And the office expenses alone amount to £60,000 yearly.

The budget for 1924 will be compressed. But will it be sufficiently compressed? Could it not be further compressed? Should not the Super-state give the example of economy to the ordinary States? And how can the ordinary budgets be balanced, if the superbudget is not balanced?

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT

BY HERMANN COBLENZ

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, October 24
(BERLIN DAILY, HUGO STINNES PRESS)

ON November 11, 1918, the first phase of the great battle for the Rhine apparently ended. Germany was beaten, after mutinies in her army and hunger riots at home had paralyzed her power to resist. An armistice was signed, pending the future Wilson 'peace of understanding,' that was to guarantee the economic integrity of the Commonwealth. Scheidemann, the Socialist Chancellor, proclaimed from the steps of the Reichstag Building that the German people had won all along the line.

Even after the Versailles edict was submitted for signature and signed, leaders of the Scheidemann type still imagined that the situation was not as evil as it seemed; that most of the clauses of the 'edict' were obviously impossible of fulfillment; that France, or at least the rest of the democratic world, would not stoop thus to enslave the freest of all republics. Their alternations of hope and fear continued while Germany was stripped of her outposts of Empire in the west and the east, and her strongest territorial bastions were wrested from her grasp. France, after recovering Alsace and Lorraine, took possession of the Saar Valley as a pledge. With the benevolent assistance of Anglo-Saxon 'observers' she forced a Franco-Belgian yoke upon the Rhineland. The Pole profited by her powerful protection to seat himself in Upper Silesia, and even the humble Lithuanian stretched out his hand for Memel.

Now and then a flood of indignation

swept over Germany, but she was preoccupied with domestic dissensions, and the people at large refused to be aroused. They believed that German industry and German enterprise would eventually recover all the Old Empire had lost.

Therefore the future of the German people was staked entirely upon her business recovery, for individual and community alike were keenly conscious of their economic distress. Loss of territory and population, to say nothing of diminished prestige abroad, seemed to our people trivial handicaps compared with the killing drain that exorbitant Reparations payments made upon their resources. In those days, even France was regarded as our chief creditor rather than our hereditary enemy; for her annexationist designs along the Rhine were supposed to be effectually submerged by her desire to collect indemnities. Proudly trusting to their economic strength to make good all losses, the Germans let the Versailles Treaty be distorted and transgressed, and thereby forfeited their country's last legal safeguard.

When France and Belgium, in March 8, 1921, seized Düsseldorf-Duisburg as a stepping-stone to the Ruhr, the Wirth Cabinet contented itself with conventional paper protests, in order to avoid even a suggestion of the brute-force policies of an earlier era. With silent resignation the German people looked on while the key positions on their industrial front were seized. For since November 1918 the liaison between

industry and government had been destroyed and forgotten. While men were boasting in the Reichstag, in the Imperial Economic Council, in ministries, in chambers of commerce, and elsewhere, of the marvelous revival of German industry, our enemies seized one position after another, without encountering even a pretense of resistance.

After the Saar and East Silesia, the whole Rhine country was reduced to economic servitude by a single stroke, when the occupied and unoccupied territories of Germany were separated by a rigid tariff boundary that cut ruthlessly through the very centre of industrial districts that constituted a single organic unit. Thus piece by piece the foundation stones upon which the leaders of our 'Policy of Fulfillment' planned to rebuild Germany were torn from us. Not a hand was moved in self-defense, even when Senator Adrian Dariac of France disclosed, so that the blindest German might see it, the final goal and the tactics that France pursued on the Rhine.

Germany owes the only effort made to defend her vital interests to the Ruhr industrialists, who finally found in Cuno's Cabinet a ministry that understood the situation. This brought us to the passive-resistance phase.

At last, for the first time since November 1918, we had a Government courageous enough to repudiate the policy of powerlessness pursued for the last four years, and to appeal to the patriotism and self-respect of the nation. Its success justified its act. Even as we survey the wreckage of the battle we have lost, we see more clearly than ever that it was only the resolute decisions of January and February 1923 that saved the Rhine country from complete subjection to the French. Patriotism and loyalty, which seemed extinguished under the wet

blanket of the fulfillment policy and the spineless submission of previous cabinets, blazed up again.

During the second phase of the great battle for the Rhine, therefore, the struggle centres in the Ruhr. Here both sides have fought, though with different weapons, for their previous objective. After a short interlude, when French Nationalists, trusting to vague historical traditions and to the 'superiority of the Gaelic genius,' hoped to round out Clemenceau's military and political successes by winning the voluntary adhesion of the Rhinelanders, they delivered — and have kept up till to-day — an economic assault upon the liberty of all Europe.

Finally, on the eleventh of January, 1923, Germany at length awoke to the vital importance of her iron and steel industries in the Ruhr; she now saw that these were indispensable, not only for her future growth and prosperity, but even for the mere existence of her people. Thereupon all the business interests in the country joined hands to fight a battle that the German Government had refused to fight when the odds were far less against us. They fought the fight with economic weapons, until such emergency resources as they possessed were exhausted.

When our great tide of success, in August 1914, began to ebb, the forces at the front dared only to report victory upon victory to the people at home. A military reverse, even as early as 1915, would have dampened the ardor of the masses, and, above all, of their chosen leaders, and made them ready for the 'peace of understanding' that eventually, in 1918, fell like ripe fruit into the lap of the Allies. Quite similarly the battle in the Ruhr was 'popular' only so long as we could report defeats for the French and Belgian invaders. But as soon as personal

sacrifice was demanded of the people themselves, as soon as it was seen that the Occupied Territories were making constantly heavier demands for food, unemployment relief, and other financial aid, our spirit of resistance weakened with frightful rapidity.

Just as happened in the early part of the World War, our eagerness for an understanding with the enemy grew at the cost of our determination to defend ourselves. The manoeuvres of parties and professional groups at this time repeat with startling similarity those we witnessed in the autumn of 1918. Vague but unbounded hopes of an agreement with our enemies sapped the courage with which we pursued passive resistance. Under the strain of the weeks and months that were lost in vain diplomatic and parliamentary negotiations, we relinquished even those demands which touched our national honor, — permission for those expelled from the Ruhr to return home, amnesty for men sentenced by drumhead tribunals, — the very things that cabinets and parties, officials and trade-unions, had unanimously insisted must be made the condition for any relaxation of our policy.

When we look back over recent events, the twenty-sixth of September, 1923, stands out like the eleventh of November, 1918. We then lost the second phase of the World War, and yet there is no end in sight. We must still look forward, scanning the horizon for new forces that we can rally for the final conflict that is to decide whether we are to survive or perish.

We were defeated on the field of battle; we have capitulated in the economic struggle. We have nothing left but imponderable national forces that we may summarize, perhaps, under the concept of national endur-

ance. How many Germans still possess this invaluable but often disregarded power of endurance is indeed questionable. We can only have faith and hope. We can only trust to the loyalty of the beleaguered people who live beyond the customs boundary, to their unconquerable hope for a future reunion with their own nation. We must admit frankly to ourselves that we lost the war on the battlefield, that we have lost the economic war after the war, and that we now have only moral resources left to defend our national integrity.

We all realize how critical the situation is, both in the old Occupied Territories, and in the Ruhr. But the experience of the last four years has taught us how hopelessly difficult it is to keep the people of the rest of Germany whole-heartedly devoted to the cause of their fellow countrymen in the Ruhr and on the Rhine. Of course, everyone admits that we must keep alive the Irredentist ideal 'until some later time when it is possible to reunite the country.' But even this colorless admission imposes a heavy duty upon us. We must constantly bear in our hearts the thought that the war has not ended, and will never end, that there will be no peace of nations and no reconciliation of nations until we are a free people, living on a free soil, again enjoying the right to govern ourselves as we would be governed. Until that is achieved we must continue with moral forces the battle that we have lost with military and economic forces — that we lost in both instances because army and industry refused to fight together, and neither of them was supported by an unbending will-to-victory in the nation at large. Only by thus recognizing the situation as it actually is can we enter the third phase of the struggle with hope of ultimate success.

AN AMERICAN PARABLE FOR BRITISH INDUSTRY

BY LORD LEVERHULME AND H. W. MASSINGHAM

[Although the following articles proceed from an American theme, they afford such an interesting insight into a phase of British industrial philosophy that they seem to fall within the field of overseas thought and opinion. Lord Leverhulme, one of the most progressive of England's great industrial employers, also has large interests in America, and scarcely needs an introduction to our readers. Mr. Massingham, it will be recalled, was until recently the editor of the Liberal weekly, The Nation and the Athenaeum. We print Lord Leverhulme's article first, and Mr. Massingham's commentary immediately after it.]

From the *Spectator*, October 27—November 3
(LONDON MODERATE-CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

I

I do not know who was the philosopher who first stated that none preaches so well as the ant, and yet the ant utters nothing. We all require to learn from the silent sermon preached by the ant. This wonderful world has grown weary of listening to the contending powers of modern industrialism, when really these same powers ought to be pulling together. Perhaps our patience has become exhausted because we forget that so-called Capital and Labor are human — intensely human. In this the whole difficulty of the situation can be found: we are all so human. If Capital and Labor were forces built like typewriters or calculating machines or automatic lathes or gravity conveyors, there would be no reason why human lives should not run as smoothly as if on ball bearings.

One great obstacle to good comradeship is that a Labor man who receives, say, £2 to £3 per week is convinced that he is underpaid when he sees that a Capitalist — say, Henry Ford — receives anything from £200,000 to £400,000 per week or, say, ten to twenty million pounds sterling a year. The Labor man is certain to ask

himself whether all is well in the industrial world when one so-called Capitalist can receive as much money for his work as is received by one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand Labor men each paid £2 a week. He fails to grasp that the services of none of us can possibly be paid for other than out of the value of the product created. If the Labor man does grasp this fact, then he argues that Labor, and not brains or capital, creates all wealth.

The situation is further complicated by those very human attributes of envy and jealousy and a distorted feeling of injustice. Strange to say, the Labor man never disputes the justice of the award to, say, the artist or the musician, the actor, the author, or the poet. The Labor man recognizes that while one artist can take the same tubes of color, the same brushes, and the same palette as had previously been used by another artist whose pictures would not sell for as much money as would keep the painter of the pictures and his wife and family in the bare necessities of life, the artist of genius can, with these same colors, brushes, and palette, produce

pictures eagerly purchased at fabulous prices. The Labor man honors and respects the artist who can produce pictures, music, plays, or poems that command the highest demand. The Labor man rejoices to have reproductions of these works in his home. They incite no feeling of any rankling sense of injustice. They are welcomed for their inspiration and for the added beauty and adornment they give to his life and home.

The ability possessed by a Ford is just as exceptional and just as much the genius with which he was born as that of a great artist, musician, actor, or poet; but Ford is considered a social pestilence, while artists command honor and respect.

But just as in the case of the artist so in the case of Ford. The artist who paints pictures that command the highest price will use tubes of color, brushes, and a palette similar to those used by the artist whose pictures will not sell. Equally so the motor-car manufacturer who is unable to produce cars to sell at Ford's low prices or to make a profit will employ similar mechanics and workmen, will use the same qualities of iron, steel, and other material for component parts as does Ford. Yet out of these same materials and these same workmen the one produces cars that can be sold cheaper than any other car in the world and incidentally produces the largest income being made in the world by any one man to-day, while the other motor-car maker fails to accomplish either.

But the works of the great artist are an inspiration and a joy to everyone who either can possess an original or a reproduction, and are not considered to be other than a product and inspiration of the highest type of civilization and the result of a well-organized state of society. The life of Ford is considered to be an indication that society

is organized on an entirely wrong basis, that social reconstruction is necessary to prevent Ford from exercising the abilities with which he was endowed, otherwise society becomes shipwreck.

In this state of mind the Labor man often adopts a policy of what is called 'ca' canny,' believing that it is his only method to get justice, and yet the ca' canny policy only increases the difficulty of living for the whole community and especially for the Labor men who adopt it. It does not add to social comfort or decrease social inequalities, but the opposite.

Now let us consider what Ford is doing. We will assume that the ordinary British workman paid 40s. a week can produce work which can sell for 50s. a week. This is far in excess of the profit to Ford upon the workmen and others he employs, so that we are not putting the increased value of the produce of the average British workman receiving 40s. a week at too low a basis when we call it worth 50s. Now Ford takes a certain number of Labor men and materials to produce his cars. His present production is 2,000,000 cars per annum. In the production of these cars he will not tolerate any ca' canny policy on the part of his staff. A Ford man must look after as many automatic lathes as his abilities permit. Ford does not overwork his men, but he will not have the Ford men going easy by any ca' canny method.

He pays considerably over the trades-union rate of wages, and he works what are considered in the United States to be short hours, and it is now reported that he has within the last few months adopted what, for want of a better name at the time I advocated its adoption, I called the 'six-hour day,' so that the twenty-four-hour day at Ford's works is divided into four shifts of six hours each, reducing the work per man to 36 hours per week but more

than doubling the capacity of the works, enabling the man to be paid the same wages for 36 hours as for 48. At Ford's works there is no possible chance for a ca' canny Labor policy, and on his railway — and he is a considerable owner of railway lines — he has made a rule that engine-drivers and guards on the pay roll waiting for their next job or for any reason unoccupied for a length of time must fill in that unoccupied time by doing something, even to cleaning the railway-carriage windows.

I only mention this to show you what Ford men do on these Ford railways. We are told that since Ford's acquisition of the railway on which he put his system into operation he has been able to double the pay of his railway staff, lower the rates charged for goods carried, and also to give for the first time for many years a dividend to the railway shareholders.

However, it is Ford's motor-car works that we are considering. Ford cars are produced without any ca' canny policy on the part of the Ford staff. They are as good as a low-priced car can be made. I am told that a corresponding car in this country, where the workmen are paid possibly not more than half the Ford rate of wages, could not be made for less than £50 to £100 above the price at which Ford makes his cars in the United States. Ford's low-priced car from the United States has enabled the use of his motor-cars all over the world to be enormously increased. I can say from personal experience when visiting America that it is not at all an unusual sight to see workmen going to their work in their own motor-cars and carrying their mates with them; and this is exactly as it should be. We are told in the good old Book: 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn,' and who is more entitled to ride in motor-cars than the men who

make them, provided they are wise and not ca' canny workmen?

The ca' canny policy in England has been adopted with a view to finding employment for the unemployed. Our workmen are not lazy; they are workers. But they are fellow comrades with fellow workmen, and the spirit of comradeship, I sincerely believe, is the spirit behind the policy of ca' canny, and not the spirit of laziness.

But let us follow the Ford car process, which is free from any entanglement of ca' canny. First of all it makes possible double the rate of wages that British motor-car makers can pay. It makes cars for £50 to £100 each less than any competing maker of cars can produce them for in the United Kingdom. Ford cars are eagerly sought after all over the world and you meet them everywhere. In fact, it is Ford's boast that his cars are taking people everywhere except into 'society.'

Having to wait for a train at a Scotch railway station recently for over two hours, I hired a motor-car for a two hours' ride. When the car appeared I saw from its model that it was a very old Ford. I asked the driver and he said it was built in 1913. Yet this old Ford made in 1913 took myself and two members of our party for a delightful motor run over very difficult Highland roads, up hill and down dale, and brought us back on time to catch our train without a single hitch or breakdown on the way; so that Ford cars, notwithstanding their cheapness, are made as well and finished as well as low-priced cars can be.

Look, more widely, what the Ford policy produces. First of all it enables the cars to be sold at from £50 to £100 each less than competing cars made by British makers. In other words, the two million cars save the purchasers anything from one hundred to two hundred millions sterling a year. Now

look what can be done in the way of finding employment by means of this money so saved. This increased demand for labor is far larger for Ford men themselves than any employment that could be provided them by any system of ca' canny. But, in addition to this, the two million cars require drivers, and we may certainly say that possibly of the two million cars not more than one million cars, possibly not more than half a million, are replacements for spent old cars, calculating the average life of a Ford car to be, not the ten years of the car I have recently ridden in, but something like an average of four years.

So from half to one million additional drivers of cars are required to be provided each year in connection with the Ford output of two million cars. Car-drivers are well-paid men. Therefore it is clear that employment is found every year by Ford for from half to one million well-paid additional motor-car drivers. But every car requires some repairs, however well made the car may be, and so there will be another army of men engaged in repairing, cleaning, oiling, and painting these cars. What numbers these would run to we can only guess, but they must be many hundreds of thousands.

A certain proportion of these cars are tourist cars, and they, in addition to giving health and happiness to those who use them, find employment for waiters and waitresses in village inns and country and town restaurants for many tens of thousands more.

And so we progress in an ever-widening circle of increased employment provided by the fact that Ford men make cars without any suspicion of ca' canny. Ford would promptly 'sack' or, as is said in America, 'fire' workmen who show a tendency to ca' canny, with the result that for every Ford man engaged on the making of

Ford cars, and the number of which at most by any system of ca' canny might perhaps be doubled, we find that from ten to twenty times the number that might, under ca' canny, be employed at Ford works are employed driving the cars, repairing the cars, painting and renewing them, together with waiters and waitresses at country inns and restaurants, to say nothing of the gangs employed on modernizing roads, or improving and repairing roads because of the increased wear of road surface.

Birkenhead recently experienced an extreme example, but still a living example, of this mistaken policy of modern trades-unionism in efforts to provide employment artificially. It was a strike at Cammell Lairds over what was called the 'burner' question. What is known in shipbuilding and ship-repairing as a burner is merely an oxygen acetylene blowpipe by means of which iron or steel plates up to ten inches in thickness can be cut through as easily as a knife cuts through cheese. A damaged plate can be taken out of the ship's side as easily as a damaged piece can be taken out of a sack and replaced with a new piece. One burner, I understand, with the aid of two helpers, does the work of twenty men.

The strike was brought on because the trade-union concerned insisted that for every burner that was put into use at Cammell Lairds' works, employment should be found for the eighteen men the burner dispensed with, without discharging any of the existing staff. The strike lasted many weeks, but some compromise was finally arrived at, I believe, on the basis of limiting the number of burners to be used.

The present policy really is one of serious gravity for the welfare and happiness of the very people who adopt this policy. Whether a motor-car is sold at the lowest possible price, as is

the Ford, or is a highly finished product, such as a Rolls-Royce, sold at a correspondingly high price, matters little to certain people, but it matters everything to the masses of the people who are to be employed in driving and repairing motor-cars, so that really the direct sufferers from the 'canny' policy are the Labor men themselves.

Let us disregard altogether the ten to twenty millions sterling Henry Ford may receive on the narrow margin of £10 profit per car — probably the narrowest margin that cars can possibly be sold on in any country in the world — and concentrate our thoughts on the fact that, while this might make Henry Ford ten or twenty millions sterling a year for himself, he makes also one to two hundred millions for the purchasers of Ford cars, and finds employment for hundreds of thousands of workmen at high wages in maintaining the cars and roads and in driving cars, and, in fact, that Ford is the creator of a transaction that not only thus pays the Labor man and the public, but has a direct influence in raising the scale of social comfort and welfare of the Labor man all over the world.

In short, the present industrial system, which has been evolved in the hundreds of thousands of years of man's activities in this good old world, whatever opprobrious adjectives may be applied to it, such as the Capitalistic system or otherwise, has raised mankind from the condition of the Congo savage to the position civilized man occupies in the world to-day.

In the old days of the Romans, prisoners were chained in gangs to act as galley-slaves on boats propelled by oars. Any man who adopts the life of a Ford will surely produce wealth for himself and the world, but he practically chains himself as a galley-slave to the life he

has adopted without possibility of escape until death releases him, as it finally did the old galley-slave of the old Roman days, and he will leave all his created wealth to his survivors. If it were merely a question of money, then, even with twenty millions a year of profit, such a life would be intolerable, and no man, not even a miser, would accept it; but you invariably find that the man in the position of a Ford is following the lines of his natural genius, that every working day at the galley-slave car sends a thrill of pleasure through his frame that no galley-slave of the old Roman days could possibly feel, and that the progress of his industry, which may be likened to the progress of the galley, is in itself a reward for all his labor.

Under no other system than one that permits the creative genius to get individually the direct result of his efforts will the world produce men like Ford, who make themselves galley-slaves, who work long, laborious hours to produce results which rightly benefit the world at large a hundred times more than they benefit the individual who creates them.

The Fords of the world are not objects of pity, although they are galley-slaves; they have the pleasure and thrill of accomplishment, the joy of winning, and the money profits are matters of the least concern to them.

When I first visited Australia in 1892 there was then living in New South Wales one of the earliest Australian squatters, named Tyson, well over ninety years of age. He was a multimillionaire in money, cattle, sheep, and land, yet lived the same simple life he had lived as a shepherd in England as a young man.

He was asked why he worked on when he had so much of this world's wealth, and he replied: 'It is not money I work for, but I've put cattle

where there were no cattle; I've put sheep where there were no sheep; I've put houses where there were no houses; and I've put white men and women on land where there never were white men

and women before and made them happy, and that is worth working for, and not the money.'

Yet all over Australia I heard him described as an avaricious old miser.

II

LORD LEVERHULME is an excellent advocate in the cause of capital. He is a great capitalist himself, who, so far as I know, has contrived to avoid some of the worst features of capitalism, and to encourage some of the best. Many of us remember him as a good friend of the eight-hour movement in the Parliament of 1906. His own great industry did not spring out of the swamp of long hours and low wages, or the devil-may-care inhumanity on which the indictment of the system has been built up. And it is both natural and clever of him to find, in the kindred spirit of the philanthropic Mr. Ford, a satisfying model of what the great entrepreneur ought to be.

But before I deal with Lord Leverhulme's conception of capitalism I should like to clear away a misunderstanding. It is not a fact that the school of political economy on which Labor relies is unaware of the public utility of Mr. Ford, still less that it regards him as 'a social pestilence.' There are types of capitalist enterprise which may be so described. Mr. Ford's is not one of them. And it is perfectly true, and the truth is well recognized, that between his form of production and the work of the creative artist there exists the affinity that Lord Leverhulme describes. Ford does not seize a gift of nature and crudely exploit and monopolize it, using his acquired money-force to drive out the lesser producer and dealer, and making a desert of their field of industry. He addresses himself to an indispensable need of American society, and ministers

to it in an original and interesting way. He not only stimulates a new, healthy demand, but he encourages all classes to contribute to it. In a word, he is a vitalizer.

Why, then, should Labor think of Mr. Ford as if he were a disease? On the contrary, he is a sign to it of a return to social health. He has nationalized a little bit of America's unrealized stock of leisure, health, and culture, including that which he throws open to his own workers by way of the six-hour labor day. He is even the rival of the luxury-caterer, for in the wake of the cheap motor and the cheap tractor follows the conception of a democratic State, with a wide distribution of moderate wealth, and a fair chance for agriculture, mother of men's industries. This is no culture of 'illth,' and in itself involves no necessary disregard of the human factor in production. So clearly is this perceived that, in spite of his attitude to trades-unionism, I am assured that if Mr. Ford becomes a candidate for the Presidency of the United States large bodies of workmen and farmers are likely to vote for him.

Nevertheless, there are points in Lord Leverhulme's analysis even of the Ford type of industry and its reward which suggest that there is something in it unstated, or wrongly stated. And there is an admission in it which makes a deep cut into the capitalist case. The usual contention is that the hope of profit — and of large, overflowing profit — is the grand lure which draws the man of ideas and initiative into the

industrial process, and that its presence is necessary in order to sustain and increase production. Lord Leverhulme shows that there are other motives to production, which precede and may even dominate the profit-making one. Ford, he tells us, is of the artist type of producer, and, in sign of his profession, he takes the artist's guerdon. For though 'he practically chains himself as a galley-slave to the life he has adopted,' this galley-slave existence 'sends a thrill of pleasure through his frame that no galley-slave of the old Roman days could possibly feel.' Exactly. Ford has taken the artist's wage, which is no other than the poet's 'glory of going on,' finding in this spiritual satisfaction a sufficient incentive to further effort, as well as an agreeable alternative to the pleasures of idleness. This reward may have the further merit that in so far as the system in Ford's factories enables the workers to rise above the depression of pure routine, and to attain to a feeling and sense of coöperation with the directing spirit, they may in some measure share it with him. It is therefore an antidote to ca' canny.

But the sense of artistic satisfaction proves to be only one of the fortunate Mr. Ford's rewards. There is a second, and a more substantial, remuneration. The profits of the Ford industry, says Lord Leverhulme, may be ten or even twenty millions a year, a sum far beyond anything that even the successful artist can aspire to in the shape of material wages. Now this, when added on to (a) the artist's self-approval and his delight in the practice of his art; (b) public fame and applause and consciousness of social service; (c) the gratification derived from the sense of power and the act of controlling a vast machinery of production and a great number of human beings, does give Mr. Ford an extraordinary eminence

among the recipients of this world's favors. In a word, Mr. Ford does pretty well. And what is the origin of this super-profit? Some portion of Mr. Ford's return does indubitably arise from the purchase of a great mass of human labor at a low price, and the sale of its product at a higher. Another part may reasonably be said to derive from monopoly, for, admirable as a Ford car may be, it can hardly be the last word of perfection in the world of motor-cars. There may be ideal cars in the minds of mute inglorious Fords which the strength of the Ford organization will keep off the market till their inventor gives it up or dies of heart-break.

The true criticism of the capitalist system is that Ford is by no means a characteristic figure, as Lord Leverhulme's article suggests, but rather one of its freaks. There are no limits to man's discovery power, and it should yield us, if it had fair play, not one Ford in a blue moon, but many Fords. But invention is the fruit of leisure, of the power of men to make a free disposal of their time for the higher processes of contemplation, and reflection, of thinking things out and over. And this opportunity is denied to the routine worker, that is, to the mass of the employees of capitalism. Under the six-hour system Mr. Ford does, no doubt, eliminate a good deal of its dull, monotonous, prolonged drive of muscle and limb. But I am not aware that his scheme of management allows of any form of coöperation between its directing intelligence and the manual workers. The protective and regulative function of trades-unionism is also cut out, on the ground that, the Ford rates being above trades-union rates, no such control is necessary. In its absence the Ford plan of industrial life is bound to rest on a broad foundation of arbitrary power. That is benevolent despotism,

if you like. But it is despotism extending, unless common report in the States belies him, to a fairly close inquisition into the habits and even the private morals of his workers. He gives orders; they obey them. He thinks; they work. He organizes their way of life; they accept it.

To sum up. If the soul of America could be saved by feeding it with one motor-car a minute, all would indeed be well with her. But the real question is — what space does the idealist figure of Ford occupy in the vast scene of economic oppression, of the waste of human life and the devastation of natural resources, of pitiless war on consumers and small producers, which denotes the march of the great trusts and unified industries through the continent of America? He had a magnificent trade idea. At the critical hour he caught the American worker's imperative need for quick locomotion,

supplied it at a low monopoly price, and standardized his invention on a scale and with a masterly thoroughness which beats the record of such achievements, and defies competition.

In the process of realizing this thought of his he has made no slums, cut down no forests, and poisoned no rivers. All praise to him. He does not infect the minds of millions, as do our syndicalist newspaper proprietors, and their like in the United States, for every Sabbath day that dawns. All praise to him. His workers' children do not soak in city slime; nor are their fathers flung on the scrap-heap before their time, victims of alcoholism, overwork, or premature age and preventable disease. All praise to him. But the unreformed rest of the capitalist system remains, and, these being some of its works, it would be interesting to know what Lord Leverhulme proposes to do about it.

ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN EXPRESS. I

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

From La Stampa, September 24, October 2, 5, 7, 12, 16, 21, 26
(TURIN GIOLITTI DAILY)

I LEAVE MOSCOW to-morrow at 3 P.M. for Peking. When I shall reach there is still uncertain, but I expect eventually to arrive. I have no intention of doing these four or five thousand miles at one jump. Indeed I have actually engaged passage only to the farther frontier of Siberia, where Russia stops and the country begins that they once called the Celestial Empire, now call the Chinese Republic, and may call the Lord knows what by the time I get there.

An interesting trip? Well, it has proved a trifle monotonous, but is going like clockwork. For two days our Trans-Siberian Express has not been one minute behind schedule. We make our fifty or sixty versts an hour as promptly as any Imperial train of old Russia. From Moscow we are following the northern branch through Vologda and Ekaterinburg, which joins the main line from Moscow to Vladivostok at Omsk on the Irtysh. We are taking that route because the

condition of the southern line does not at present permit trains to make as good time as by this somewhat longer detour. We shall not see Samara and Ufa, but we shall see Viatka, Perm, and Ekaterinburg, where, as all the world knows, the whole Imperial family was slaughtered by a Revolutionary Committee.

Let me show you over our train and introduce you to some of our more distinguished passengers. Attached to the rear is a luxurious salon-coach carrying an illustrious personage. He is Comrade Karakhan, Chicherin's right-hand man. He was acting Commissar of Foreign Affairs while Chicherin was at Genoa and Lausanne. Karakhan is an Armenian from Georgia. He has left his wife and a son at Moscow, and is traveling now with a beautiful blond actress, one of the stars of the Moscow stage. The trip is a long one, really the longest continuous railway journey in the world; because one may cross Canada in considerably less than one half the time that it takes to travel from Moscow to Peking or Vladivostok.

Ambassador Karakhan is a remarkably handsome man. In fact he is the handsomest statesman I ever saw; a true 'Georgian,' with a delicate, pale complexion, big dreamy eyes, and features to turn the head of any actress, Russian or not Russian. He dresses with a care and elegance rather unusual here. The Communist comrades whom he will meet in Siberia will doubtless say to themselves that Karakhan is too well groomed to be the impeccable Bolshevik he pretends to be. I am acquainted with him — I have talked with him — and he has told me, with all due reserve, something of his plans.

He is on his way to Peking to take charge of the Soviet Embassy there, but will probably continue his jour-

ney to Tokyo, to replace Joffe, who is ill and unable to conclude the present negotiations for Russia's recognition by Japan. The whole future of Russia, China, and Japan depends more or less on what he accomplishes. A matter of enormous importance! . . .

In addition to Karakhan's beautiful companion there is another lady, who stares at me from the opposite side of the car. She has a typical Mongolian countenance, to which she is fully entitled by her blood, and is returning to a village on the shore of Lake Baikal after studying a year at Moscow University. Katiusha tells me she speaks English. She has magnificent hair. When undone, her long tresses reach the floor; and once, when we stopped in the open country to do something to a wheel that insisted on twittering like a nightingale, she disappeared for a few minutes in the bushes and came back crowned with a wreath of beautiful wild flowers. Her English seems to be limited to 'Yes, sir.' These people are extraordinary! They tell you they know a foreign language when their vocabulary is limited to ten words.

Recently, however, Katiusha has changed her quarters, and the most extraordinary Bolshevik I ever saw has taken her former berth. He introduced himself at first as a savant, then told me he had been a diplomat under the Tsar, subsequently a revolutionist, and more recently Trotskii's private secretary. Among other things, he claims to have saved the Imperial diplomatic archives in the dreadful days when soldiers and sailors were determined to burn everything. Yet I really do not know who this new gentleman in our party is. But we have a long journey before us and I doubtless shall find out.

China still seems a remote country. I am convinced that Katiusha has changed berths with the savant not

only in order to be with an old German woman who owns a pharmacy at Chong-Tu near Peking—it is the third time since the war that this old lady has made the trip—but because the Cheka, which of course has its agents on every train, has so ordered. The excitement of the transfer must have loosened Katiusha's tongue, for the next time I passed her in the corridor she was able to say: 'Quood morning.'

However, our most interesting passengers are in the third class. The third class of the Trans-Siberian is one of those living pictures that Soviet Russia is always offering. It is a traveling apartment house with individual quarters where life goes on exactly as it might at home. Indeed, the three big third-class cars do not seem part of the train at all. They are a caravan-serai, or perhaps they suggest even more vividly the third class of an old-fashioned transatlantic steamer. The length of the trip, aided by the unending monotony of the landscape,—forests, plains, plains, forests, an immense river, plains, and again forests,—produces the same psychological effect as the ocean.

To be sure, we pass a station or a town here and there, but all these stations and towns sink into the monotony of this vast land and leave no trace. However, let's not philosophize. I read in my time-table the name of a city—Jaroslaw, the first important place we pass after leaving Moscow. It was famous for its university, the Demidovskii Lyceum, which in the days of the Tsar was very popular with young noblemen who found the courses at the universities of Moscow and Petrograd too difficult. To-day there are no more young noblemen in Russia, and the Demidovskii Lyceum has ceased to exist.

Just at eventide, after leaving Jaros-

slaw, we crossed the Volga over a poorly lighted iron bridge. The view of the largest river in Europe in the clear northern twilight—running at full flood after the month of constant rain that has fallen over central Russia—was an imposing, a magnificent sight. On the second day from Moscow we reached Viatka, the westernmost stronghold of counter-revolution occupied by Kolchak's forces. . . . However, traces of the fighting that raged here are already becoming fainter. The new station is white and attractive and full of movement. Half-Tatar Chuvash peasants were lined up on one side of the platform, selling leather wares of odd and attractive design.

We passed Perm in the middle of the night, and the morning of the third day found us threading our way among smiling hills clothed with dense vegetation. We were in the midst of the Urals, unimposing enough as mountains but extraordinarily rich in every kind of mineral. Our stops became more frequent, and from every station there was a branch line leading up or down a neighboring valley—part of a fairly dense network of railways in this district. We kept passing, at short intervals, health-trains, bath-trains, and school-trains. The cars of each one bore great poster-designs for the instruction of the common people. This method of diffusing useful knowledge among the workers by means of educational trains is very popular. How much they actually accomplish in the way of positive instruction is another question. But it is certain that the Russian people are eager to learn.

For instance, everyone in the third class of our train is busy from morning to night either reading or writing. Each citizen or citizeness has his or her newspaper, and each station, no matter how small, has its bookstore.

I also observed that boiled water for drinking is supplied at every station, in addition to the boiling water for tea that is an old-time institution all over Russia. Everyone makes tea and drinks an incredible number of cups in the course of the day. The station restaurants are abundantly furnished with all the gifts of God; and besides the restaurant there is always a sort of covered market where the peasants sell appetizing delicacies.

The dining-car on our train is truly sumptuous. The first time I went in I felt as if I were entering a dining-room decorated for Christmas Eve. There were plants and flowers in every corner, and chandeliers of colored glass, and a piano fastened to one side of the car. Some of the playing is rather discordant, but occasionally we are favored with a performer well worth hearing. From 10 to 12 P.M. there is dancing, though the couples on the floor are bumped against the spectators by the jolting of the train. Among our fellow travelers is a theatrical troupe on its way to Vladivostok. A majority of the members are women, so the men have plenty of partners.

The most taciturn man in our party is a Mongolian general, Minister of War of one of the Mongolian republics in the vicinity of Transbaikalia. When I say 'Mongolian' do not think I mean a semisavage. These chieftains and pilots of the young primitive nationalities of Central Asia are polished intellectuals who have studied at Berlin and then betaken themselves to Moscow to hang on the lips of the great Communist chiefs, whom they follow blindly. Later they carry their gospel to every corner of Asia. Ten such people in one of these half-nomadic nations are enough to convert the masses to devout proselytes of the Federation of Soviet Republics, and ardent enemies of Western civilization.

The extraordinary fellow who shares my compartment on the Trans-Siberian, and whom I shall henceforth call V, I have learned is registered as secret agent No. 173 of the G. P. U. — the rechristened Cheka. He began to tell me his personal reminiscences of Nicholas II about a couple of hours before we reached Ekaterinburg. Evidently he divined my thoughts. To tell the truth, no one in Russia seems to cherish regret for the last Tsar. Even the horrible death of the monarch and his family have awakened more sympathy abroad than among Russians not friendly to the former Government; and I fancy that most Russians disliked that Government. V related an anecdote to illustrate this sentiment before the Revolution. A police agent arrested a peasant on the charge of cursing the Tsar. The peasant protested that he had not cursed the Tsar — he had merely said: 'Damn that idiot!'

'Well, if you said "idiot" that meant him.'

In any case my traveling companion, who professes to have been Trotsky's *alter ego* at the time the Tsar was executed, refers to the incident with an indifference that shocks me. I am not yet sufficiently hardened to the Communist mentality to look upon such tragedies as logical and commonplace. In V's opinion the Tsar is a less interesting figure than an ordinary peasant.

'For that matter,' that gentleman adds, 'Nicholas II was executed by mistake.'

When V describes, in his modulated, persuasive, gentle voice, these 'mistakes,' he makes me shudder.

'Don't you understand,' I venture to remark, 'that such "mistakes," as you call them, have made all Europe detest you?'

V answers that the greatest service of the Revolution was precisely its

courage in assuming responsibility for the half-million people whom it executed in order to assure the triumph of Communism.

As we approach Ekaterinburg the scenery becomes more imposing, and the great forests of the Ural encompass us with majestic solitudes. At the stations, peasants and working women offer for sale baskets of fragrant berries, and, concealed in the palms of their hands, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and semiprecious stones of the Ural, such as aquamarines, for which they demand gold in payment. The Soviet authorities have made it illegal to hoard gold coins, but everyone who can get them has them in his pocket. The prices of these stones are rather high. I do not think it would be worth one's time and expense to come here expressly to buy them.

I noticed that the highways through the timber along the line were corduroyed. The trees have the majesty of equatorial vegetation. But all at once the scenery abruptly changed. We crossed great tracts of burned-over country, beyond which dense clouds of smoke still rose from smouldering ashes. Later we came in sight of a bright line of flame where the fire was devouring the forest with a sort of leisurely ferocity. For ten miles or more the train ran through this fire belt. We were enveloped in asphyxiating smoke and soot. At the next station they told us that the fire had already been raging a month, and would burn itself out in a few days more.

This place resembled a Swiss village. There are enormous deposits of travertine in the vicinity, great heaps of which were in readiness for reballasting the road. We next passed an immense artificial lake, the reservoir of a gold-mining company. We saw Russian soldiers along the line, and at a valley-opening brick smelters with their high

chimneys pouring forth smoke. The laborers' cottages, clustered around the works, were built of logs and had window boxes filled with bright-red geraniums.

At length we reached Ekaterinburg. The station is a great white building perched upon an esplanade that dominates the whole town. I had imagined the city to be a gloomy, desolate sort of place, but found it quite the contrary — gay, bright, and sparkling in the golden light of late afternoon. Its present population is about one hundred thousand. A wide belt of orchards and market gardens encircles it, and beyond them on every side stretch great evergreen forests, extending as far as the horizon. Toward the west the blue summits of a symmetrical mountain range form a background for the lofty tree-tops.

I asked V to take me to the villa where the executions occurred. We drove out in a carriage, passing first through a suburb of wooden houses, then through the centre of the city, about which there is nothing remarkable, and into the country on the other side. Not far from the forest stands a little two-story villa, half hidden among high trellises of honeysuckle. It is used at present as a boarding-home for miners' children. Little boys were playing in the garden under the eye of young ladies with bobbed hair who appeared to be absorbed in reading. The air was heavy with the perfume of the honeysuckles; and I could hear the echo of a little choir of children's voices from the rear of the building and from a number of low, one-story structures immediately adjacent to it.

In the garden there is a well. V, as usual, divined my thoughts. The first inquiry, made by the Revolutionary Central Committee and confirmed later by Kolchak's agents, had it that

the bodies of the Tsar, the Tsarina, the poor little heir Alexei, and the whole family, were thrown into this well. Instead of that, they were burned in a neighboring grove. Two or three months later the buttons of the Emperor's uniform and a gold cross that had belonged to Tatiana were found in the ashes. The Revolutionary Committee that ordered the royal family to be killed consisted of miners.

'Nicholas II,' V told me, 'was constantly plotting. He had never done anything else all his life. That was his idea of governing. He had given his parole to conduct himself like a prisoner, but had succeeded in corrupting the soldiers appointed to guard him, and had sent some of them to Kolchak, who was advancing upon Ekaterinburg. The comrades of the Revolutionary Committee detected him in the act. They read to him a letter he had sent to Kolchak, took him into the cellar, and shot him — or murdered him, as you say — him and all his family. You understand, these are things that have to be judged by the conditions under which they occur. Would you like to go down into the cellar?'

'No, let's go back. It is late and we might miss the train.'

'You may take my word for it — not one of the men who executed Nicholas II and his family is still alive — not one. How did they die? Who knows? Drowned in the blood lake of the Revolution. But Russia is such a vast country! You will soon begin to get some idea of its vastness. It's a whole world, I tell you. What is a little lake of blood in this big world? And how big a speck did Nicholas II make in that tiny lake? Nothing. We who started the blaze of the Revolution, who are we? We fellows at Moscow and Petrograd were like the artillerymen who fired the Big Bertha

but never saw where the projectile struck, sixty miles away. Later we went to see what damage we had done, and tried to repair it. The important thing, my dear fellow, was to release all the forces of the nation, to make men ready to sacrifice themselves for an ideal. Do you know what kind of fellow that chap Nicholas II was when he was a young man? . . . '

'But let's be going. Just think, he died here trying to protect that weakly little son of his with his own body. Horrible to think of it.'

'But he betrayed his country. All the people around him, when he was Tsar, betrayed Russia without compunction, for German money. When Kerenskii got control, we discovered in the portfolios of Russian diplomatic couriers on their way abroad copies of plans of Russian submarines that the Baroness Buckshoevden, President of the Red Cross and a leading lady of the Court, was sending to the enemy! Three fourths of the so-called Russian aristocracy, which was not really Russian, but descended from German, Polish, and French adventurers, were in the service of the enemy. Nicholas II knew that perfectly. The most ignorant Russian muzhik could see that the Tsar's Government was doomed when we declared war against Germany — but his noblemen did not see it! That's why nobody in Russia pities him. He paid heavily; but the bloody revolutionists that wiped him and his family from the face of the earth were the unconscious instruments of the age-old vendetta of the Russian people against his House.

'To-morrow we shall be in Siberia. Think what that word meant in the days of the Tsar! Think of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners who dragged out their lives in its prison camps and penitentiaries merely because they had dared to dream of

liberty! Remember that in our war with Japan Russian soldiers reached Irkutsk still imagining that they were going to fight the Turks! Ignorance, unscrupulousness, corruption, superstition, hatred of everything that looked toward lifting the intelligence of the masses, the enslavement of Russia to foreigners — that was Tsarism. You have only to read the memoirs of Paleologue and Count Witte to know that.'

We start back to the station. I took a last look backward at the house that was the last residence of the Romanovs. I could hardly convince myself that the supreme agony of a great Imperial family occurred within those quiet walls, in rooms each of which is now crowded with four or five beds, to accommodate little children.

I had another conversation with V after we were on the train. He is a delicate, refined-looking person, with such small feet that he wears ladies' shoes. He seems made to pass his life among books. But his eyes betray iron resolution. He could not understand why what we had just seen should upset me, and chatted away about Kerenskii. He was a fellow student with him at the University. He described him to me as a fine, honest, poor boy, lifted to the highest post in the government without knowing how he got there. V ridiculed

Kerenskii's inconsistency, and the weak traits of his character — for instance, his habit of asking, at the end of every speech, if his auditors were convinced that what he said was true. I listened with half an ear, repeating to myself Napoleon's saying: 'Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tatar.' But just then V began to describe his anguish of mind when he saw the soldiers and sailors at the outbreak of the Revolution crush under their boots the beautiful miniatures torn from the walls of the Imperial apartments.

'But one must not lament over these things,' he concluded. 'Consider that Bolshevism, while it has been guilty of horrible crimes, has succeeded in filling a hundred thousand Chinese soldiers with loyalty to the Soviet ideal.'

'What ideal?' I asked.

'The Communist, to be sure. China is a country certainly more corrupt than even the Russia of the Tsars. Everyone steals in China! Officials, police, governors, all rob the people. Add to all that the fact that the Chinese hate war — that is a mark of culture in their higher classes — and they have not a spark of national sentiment. Our Chinamen who served in the Red Army — and whom we have dispensed with now — did noble work in Manchuria. You will find a piece of China there that you certainly will not expect to see.'

AT THE MOSCOW EXPOSITION

BY GEORG CLEINOW

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, October 3 and 15
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

THE Moscow River is by no means an attractive stream, at least at Moscow. It meanders in many bends through a clayey flat. Years ago a dam was built across the river, raising its level about nine feet and dividing it into a navigable upper section and an unnavigable lower section. Two lofty, beautiful bridges cross the river's lower course a little more than a mile apart, at either end of the wooded amphitheatre formed by the Vorobiovy Gory hills, which rise a hundred feet or so above the river level. The green slopes of these wooded hills, which have already lost something of their summer brightness with the approach of the autumn, are interrupted at intervals by the black foliage of mighty pine trees, or by the tender yellowish green — breaking at times into a dull-red glow — of a birch grove. Half concealed among the trees are the white walls and green and silver domes of former summer villas and chapels. Where the forest on the right, and nearer to the upper bridge, descends toward the river, is a broad park laid out by Catherine II.

In this beautiful stage-setting, during these days of sunny, bright-blue heavens, the Soviet Government has opened its All-Russian Agricultural Exposition on a broad tract of land that six months ago was an impassable swamp. The spectator who contemplates the scene from the left river-bank at the end of Crimea Bridge sees a bright picture spread before his eyes on the opposite bank, six hundred feet away.

Whoever knows the Russian gift for improvising, who has read Russian history, and who is inclined to skepticism, will recall, as he surveys these broad, airy, wood structures, — the great Domestic Industry Pavilion, the white, blue-roofed mosque where Turkestan exhibits, the Russian villages of the present and the future which lie on either bank, — that Potemkin once erected similar structures to persuade his sovereign, the Empress Catherine II, that her land enjoyed a prosperity which did not exist. But after visiting the Exposition itself my skepticism vanishes. Indeed, I have to shake myself to keep from being swept off my feet by my impressions, and to preserve my critical attitude.

Catherine saw only façades from her boat. We can peek behind them. There we discover not only a display of wonderful wealth and resources, but also an unsparing revelation of the poverty and the primitiveness of the Russian people. This is no show like one of our great fairs. It is not the improvisation of a modern Potemkin. This exposition has another purpose, a purpose that we know beforehand will not be achieved. It is to cure Russia of her *nichevo*.

The All-Russian Agricultural Exposition is only partly an exposition in the Western-European sense, and that part is mostly in the foreign section which lies at one side. There we find trade, busy at its task of displaying goods, encouraging new wants, and creating markets. In that section the

visitor hears men talking of prices and deliveries. Manufacturers from all over the world, led by Germany, who is represented by more than a hundred firms, display their products here.

In the Russian section business retires to the background. What is aimed at there becomes clear when we join one of the several hundred groups of twenty or thirty men that are being conducted through the grounds. The Exposition is an ambitious propaganda effort in behalf of the Russian State, an educational enterprise designed to raise the Russian peasant's standard of living. Not only are the authorities trying to interest them in better methods of farming, but to make them feel new wants, to give them new ideas of what constitutes decency and comfort.

Several hundred thousand peasants, collected from every nook and corner of the vast country, are being brought at government expense to spend a week here, under the guidance of students, practical agricultural experts, and engineers. Communist propaganda is kept for the time being in the background; at least I saw little evidence of it. The educational work is practical and concrete. It concentrates upon awakening new desires in the peasants and showing them how to gratify these desires. Not everything that is inculcated here in word and picture can be achieved. The habits and prejudices of centuries cannot be changed in a single generation by any kind of teaching. Yet I have come away feeling that the Soviet Government marks the dawn of a new cultural epoch for Russia. But it will take centuries for the seed that is being sown here to germinate, ripen, and bear fruit; and the fruit will doubtless be quite different from that contemplated by the sowers.

The political significance of the Exposition strikes the visitor when he surveys, from one of the bridges, the

carefully laid out parkways in the centre of the grounds. On one side is a topographical map of European Russia, on the other side, of Asiatic Russia. These give the peasant from the marshes of Vitebsk, or the coal-miner from Kuznetsk in Siberia, an idea of the vastness, the wealth, the impregnability of his native land. Skilled gardeners have successfully indicated the different zones of vegetation, which are sharply and accurately defined.

I happened to be standing on the bridge when a Communist professor, apparently a member of a Labor Faculty, was explaining the last editorial in *Strana*, where French domination in Europe and a blockade of Russia were discussed. *Strana* used the conduct of the French in the Ruhr to illustrate what Russia might expect from a French conquest of Europe. After elucidating all this to his hearers, the professor called their attention by a sweeping gesture to all the sources of wealth represented in the maps before them, as the reason why France coveted Russia. A great crowd of people surrounded him. The climax of his speech was this:—

'You see, Russia has all the resources required, not only to enrich the Russian working people and the peasants, but even to support the proletariat of the whole globe. But we must learn to work to a purpose and to be vigilant in defending our wealth against the covetousness of capital, else we shall be worse off than the Germans are to-day.'

Encircling this gigantic landscape-map are some forty experimental fields containing representative crops, vegetable gardens, flower beds, and also specimens of injurious pests, from lively little field mice to big, fat marmots, and from grasshoppers to worms and caterpillars of every sort. The horticultural masterpiece is Lenin's

portrait in bright flowers, looking like a great Oriental rug with his head woven into the pattern.

The experimental fields show every variety of every crop ordinarily raised in Russia, cultivated by various methods and under different soil conditions. They are frequently transplanted according to the requirements of the courses of instruction. This work is done at night, with searchlights, so that in the morning everything is ready for a new lot of peasant pupils. The experimental fields are surrounded by a hundred and twenty buildings representing every type of architecture and construction in Russia. At the entrance stands the main building, which contains administrative offices, a post office and telegraph office, a bank, and several lecture halls. To the right, one finds everything that pertains directly to the life of the common people: household industries, music and musical instruments, a people's theatre, the Russian village of the present in all its forms, from the Arctic Circle to semitropics, in the forest, on the prairie, in every variety that the topographical, cultural, and ethnographical diversity of this vast country has created. By its side stands the Russian village of the future, with fireproof roofs, big, sunny windows, schoolhouses, lecture-halls, a theatre, a cinema, barns containing the finest strains of live stock, motors and tractors — in a word, a concrete picture of all that the Soviet Government dreams of accomplishing in the way of agricultural progress.

To the left of the entrance, behind a broad, charming, artificial lake, are the live-stock sheds where cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, goats, and poultry are exhibited. The animals are changed every two weeks in order that live stock from all parts of Russia may be shown during the summer. Statistical charts are used to make clear even to the man

of dullest comprehension the great losses inflicted upon Russian farmers by war, civil war, and drought. Everywhere blooded stock and the neglected native stock are shown side by side, in order to emphasize the contrast. It is impressed upon the peasant that with care, intelligent labor, and the help of coöperative societies he may bridge over the gulf between them. This is dinned into him by printed motto and by word of mouth: 'What only the wealthy landlord could do in the old times, the poorest peasant can do today.'

A crowd of breeders and butchers from such distant points as Odessa, Archangel, and Vladivostok, were clustered around a pen of hogs each of which weighed from nineteen to twenty-five poods — from seven hundred to nearly a thousand pounds. A lecturer explained to the circle how they could rear such enormous hogs: (1) by raising in their town or district a fund to purchase blooded stock; (2) by depositing the sum required with the Central Coöperative; (3) by notifying the Foreign Trade Commissariat as to the number of animals they wished to buy. Thereupon the Commissariat would arrange to import two — three — four hundred, or whatever number of blooded hogs was ordered for all Russia.

The listeners scratched their heads, and I caught such remarks as these: — 'Hm — if — but when?'

'Oh — hm — that would take half a year, maybe somewhat longer.'

I asked a party from the Don district, who were eager to buy, if they were in a position to purchase hogs immediately. They said yes, they had money for six head; but they did not like to take the risk of waiting a half-year or a year. They could not afford that. This may be a hint to our German stock-breeders for next year's exposition.

On a fine driving-track I found groups of men watching several spirited young horses going through their paces. The chief of the Remount Department, one of our ablest opponents in the World War, General A. A. Brusilov, was judging the various animals exhibited. He was for years associated with General Sukhomlinov at the Imperial Officers' Riding School in Petrograd, and for ten years or more subsequently was ranking cavalry officer in the Tsar's army.

Next to the live-stock sheds is the main machinery building. Visitors are informed: 'There is not a wheel or a screw here that was not made in Russia.'

However, this is really an exhibition of pre-war products, and chiefly shows what a vast market Russia will offer for foreign machinery when she recovers her old purchasing power. The authorities are using this department to show the people how much lost ground they must regain. There is not the slightest disposition to represent things as better than they are, but rather to impress on visitors the importance of the task that faces them. The peasant is told what he can do to assist the machinery industry, what the country lacks, what people must learn for the present to do without, and where a beginning must be made toward building up a better and greater engineering industry. He is told:—

'See — Russia might make all these complicated machines and these gigantic engines without any foreign aid. There is an express locomotive built entirely at Sormovo. We must nurse and restore our industries, or we shall be completely dependent on foreign countries. Under the Tsar our engineering works were devoted to two things: equipping railways for war, and earning dividends for foreign shareholders. Under the present Govern-

ment these establishments will be devoted entirely to one object — the well-being of the proletariat in the city and the country. How shall we set about it? By erecting electric power plants, by draining our marshes, by teaching our peasants to think for themselves.'

Then the lecturer goes on to describe the benefits of all these improvements: no more disastrous fires in the villages; the substitution of machinery for hard human toil; leisure during the long winter months to get an education and to manufacture things at home. The peasant listens with wondering eyes and open mouth. In the village of the future all this is illustrated to him concretely. He sees there an abundance of fat cattle, and strong, vigorous, quick-moving horses. A flail and a sabre hang side by side as symbols of out-of-date things. On a table in a peasant's house lies a book. A peasant's wife, who in the old village is represented as helping to pull the plough, sits reading a chapter on poultry raising.

A modern irrigation system illustrates to the peasant from the Ukraine or the Kirghiz steppes how he can protect himself from drought. A drainage system with dredges and gigantic pumps shows the White Russian and the Siberian peasant how he can reclaim his marshlands. 'Peasants! The scientist and the engineer know no such word as "can't." Your poor crops are not sent by God, but are the penalty of your own ignorance. Peasants, you can be nature's masters if you ally yourselves with science and engineering, that is, with industrial labor. But to do this successfully you must learn, learn, learn. The Republic of Workingmen and Peasants will give you all you need. Help the Republic to preserve its independence.'

Immense dredges, pumps, and rollers

reclaim a tract of marshland along the river some twenty-five acres in extent, every few days or weeks, converting it into a planted field. The turfy soil is ripped up and pumped dry before the eyes of the astonished muzhik; sand is dumped upon it from an adjoining hill. A great double roller passes over it, converting the recent morass into solid ground. Meanwhile, a lecturer explains that only last May the whole exposition site was only a great swamp, such as this was two or three days ago. A little farther off a canal is being dug to lower the level of the ground water and simultaneously to serve for transportation.

It is impressed upon the peasant that this canal is not built for

strategic purposes, like the old Imperial waterways. He can build his home and place his barn directly upon the bank. There is no restricted area any longer.

Certainly the men who are running this government must be convinced that their policy is right and will succeed, or else they would not dare to sow these revolutionary ideas in the peasants' minds. The All-Russian Agricultural Exposition is a propaganda institute of the first magnitude for educating the peasants in new needs, and therefore for making heavier demands on the Soviet bureaucracy and compelling the Communist Party to abandon visionary dogmas and address itself to the practical tasks of life.

SUPERMAN

BY J. S. MACHAR

[This story is taken from a collection of autobiographical sketches, published as the Confessions of a Man of Letters, concerning which we give further data under Books Mentioned.]

WE had soldiered together, had indeed been very close friends; and, as these things go in the army, when he was transferred to a garrison in Hungary we parted, so far as we could tell then, forever, without shedding floods of tears.

Then, one late afternoon, I met him in Vienna, unexpectedly. He was retired, a civilian. He said he lived in a small town in Styria, and a few days before, having found himself in need of a little relaxation, he had escaped the monotony of his new life by taking a train for Vienna.

We stepped into a small café in an out-of-the-way street, and, as often

happens when old friends meet whose friendship has been rusting for a few years, after a brief exchange of questions and answers as to our personal affairs the conversation presently stopped and the ensuing moments were occupied by an unpleasant and awkward silence. Such situations stick in one's memory among other disagreeable incidents in life, unless they are cut short by either one party or the other.

It was the captain who saved me, probably both of us, from spending in that little café an evening of utter boredom. In order to while away the time that no doubt lay heavily upon him in his retirement, he read books on

this and that, even on subjects that were quite foreign to his normal interests. All at once, I don't recall in what connection, he mentioned Nietzsche and his superman idea, which set him immediately on the right track.

'Superman!' he began. 'In all my life I have known but one man who could be called one. I had scarcely reached my new station in Hungary when a new colonel came to the regiment. Colonel Percora was his name. The devil knows what his nationality was. He did not appear to be German, neither Czech, Italian, Magyar, nor French; yet he spoke all these languages as if he were a professor of every one of them.

'He was a huge brute, over six feet in height, and he rode an immense horse — a Pinzgau animal; he would have broken the back of any ordinary mount. He had spent six years in Persia, organizing and training the Shah's army, having been given the job upon the recommendation of the Austrian war ministry; and returned home with half-a-dozen Persian decorations and orders.

'Ordinarily men of great physique and strength are rather sleepy-like, tongue-tied, but our Percora was a glaring exception to this rule. His tongue was as sharp as a razor, and, moreover, it always slashed where it hurt the most. When we reported to him for introduction, for instance, he said: "Gentlemen, I am a soldier, and a soldier only; I do not concern myself with other things to any great extent. I feel my responsibility in time of peace, for peace to the soldier is the overture of war; and I want you, gentlemen, to become convinced of this. To be ready at all times as a finished soldier — that is all. The rest you will see in my orders of the day."

'What little he said on that occasion foretold nothing good. When the

orders of the day were published we saw that he was going to inspect his regiment at six the next morning, on the drill-ground.

'His predecessor's caprice was to pay particular attention to leather straps. Our colonel in Prague, as you know, was wont to count the hobnails on the men's shoes. Every one of these old birds has some crazy trick like that. And now someone, I don't know who, exploded with the startling information that Percora's particular crotchet was the individual mess-gear; he wanted, so the rumor went, to see the mess-cups shine so one could see his face in them. So that night none of us company commanders went home; we all stayed in the barracks and made sure that every piece in every mess-outfit shone and glistened. We had polished all the straps and upon second thought we issued orders to have every shoe in the regiment hobnailed with the required number of nails.

'In the morning the regiment was formed. Percora came and saw. Suddenly he turned to one of the corporals: "Corporal, what is my name?" The poor Slovak gaped open-mouthed, wide-eyed, and terror-stricken, but finally managed to blubber out: "Potvora" — or something like that. [*Potvora* means 'fake' in Slovak.]

'You see, none of us had thought of telling the men the proper pronunciation of his name. So the poor corporal called him Potvora. But Percora quite calmly said to him: "I have no objections to your calling me that among yourselves, but I forbid you using that name to my face. Your captain will tell you the name of your regimental commander. *Abtreten!*"

'He came to my company — he came and he looked.

"'Drummer, drum!" he ordered. My drummer struck his drum, pro-

ducing a frightful noise, as if he were hitting upon a hollow, worm-eaten log. The drum was out of tune.

"Herr Captain," Percora shouted to me at the top of his voice, "does n't this sort of noise hurt your ears?"

"I respectfully report," I answered, "Herr Colonel, it hurts my ears."

"Then why do you allow your own drummer to hurt your ears, Herr Captain?" — and he rode on.

'I jumped on the drummer: "I'll lock you up till you grow gray, you numskull!"

"I respectfully report, sir, that fourteen days ago I requested a new set of screws for my drum," the drummer answered. Well, it was true that he had asked for new drum-screws, but who in the world would have supposed that the old man would concern himself with nonsense such as that?

'And so it went through the whole regiment. Everywhere he found delinquencies and he scattered his pithy remarks so that we all had a pretty warm day.

'Then, at close-order drill and field exercise — he had his eyes everywhere, he was everywhere at once. He was a soldier, every inch of him. Man, you have no idea!

'Once it rained all night, and the following morning, when we came out to drill, the drill-ground was covered with puddles. The first thing on the programme was *Nieder!* — cover-taking drill. Percora, of course, was there. As you know, the captain is required to look out for the clothing of his company, and so we commanded *Nieder!* only where the ground was dry.

'All at once Percora dismounted and came to my company. "That's all lady stuff!" he said. "Corporal, give me commands to march and then *Nieder!* in front of every puddle."

'And the corporal bellowed out his commands. Percora marched so that

the earth quaked and thundered under his feet, and at the commands *Nieder!* he dropped into the puddles like a log, as though someone had cut him down.

'So it went in everything. He was always there as an example. And a regular slave-driver!

'One day, after a ten-hour hike, we came to a village. The men stacked their arms and we, the officers, went to the wine-house. We sat down and then Percora turned to my lieutenant: —

"How are the feet, Herr Lieutenant?"

"Thank you, Herr Colonel, my feet are first-rate; never felt a bit of pain throughout the march."

"No, no, Herr Lieutenant; I am interested in the feet of your company, and I will wait for your report."

'The lieutenant colored and left, and presently the rest of the subalterns slipped out, with us, the captains, in their wake. We bought some salve and the soldiers applied it to their bruised, bleeding feet; which was necessary, else we could not have continued the march the following day.

'On another march he played on us another trick. We reached the place where we were scheduled to spend the night. We dismounted and turned the animals over to the orderlies, and a moment later there came the summons from Percora: "Herrn staff-officers and captains, report to me."

'We went, all of us limping more or less from the long ride. Percora sat upon his huge stallion in the middle of the town square, the light of the setting sun full upon him. We formed a semi-circle around him, and he asked the lieutenant-colonel: "Where is your horse?"

"I have given it to my orderly," the lieutenant-colonel answered; and so did the rest of us. To which Percora remarked in his usual biting way that it seemed to him that if he could re-

main in the saddle until then the rest of us could; and, he added, he would be exceedingly obliged to us if we would give him an opportunity to see us mounted between then and mess-time.

'Well, we scurried off as fast as we could and returned to the square on our horses before sunset. Percora saluted and thanked us for fulfilling his wish; he had merely wanted to see, he said, if the gentlemen could still stick to their saddles.

'Then came the manoeuvres. They lasted three days. On the third day, after a ceaseless round of hardship, there came from the skirmish line, where the soldiers were shooting dummy ammunition at the opposing line, a sharp, loud report — then a second, and a third; no doubt someone was shooting ball cartridges.

'In our consternation, our blood seemed to freeze in our veins. We all expected the command to cease firing. Nothing of the sort. Percora sat on his horse, calm, as though glued to the saddle, and ordered us to go on with the game.

'After the exercise he came into the mess-tent. At the tables he was courtesy itself, the same to the field officer as to the lowest cadet. He was always there with a genial jest and was most liberal with his cigarettes. Now, after those three shots having been fired at him, we surrounded him and congratulated him upon his narrow escape and his calmness in the face of death.

'But Percora swept us aside with a gesture, almost impatient with our silly talk. "Gentlemen," he said, "what in the world do you consider me? Did you expect me to shake like a leaf in the wind? That man shot three times at me. The first bullet missed me by five metres, the second by three, the third by I don't know how many. That shows that the regiment has poor

fire control. Men who can't shoot better are useless as soldiers, and officers whose soldiers are useless are useless themselves as officers. I know from which company the shots came and if I knew the soldier I would put him in prison, not because he shot at me but because he missed me, the rattle-brained animal. And then again some of you gentlemen, I am sure, would like to see him locked up for the same reason, eh? However, what is past is past, so let us formally shake hands; you congratulate me and I accept your congratulations." He shook the hand of each of us, sat down, and was again all humor and geniality.

'After dinner he called me aside. "Herr Captain," he said, "the shots came from your company. What in the world is this? Your drum is out of order, your men can't shoot; don't you think that you are a round peg in a square hole, or vice versa, if you like?"

'That was all he said. But it was enough for me. The next day I applied for retirement. And I felt not a shadow of anger toward him. He was a soldier. I was n't.

The captain was silent for a while.

'However,' he added, 'he followed me a short while later. It happened that there came to the regiment a young subaltern, a youth from the higher stratum. The youth had the Order of the Golden Raven and his own *Obersthofmeister*. Percora, I was told, was not overjoyed when he came; but what could he do? Shortly after the colonel ordered a long march, such as he loved so well, and his beloved high-born lieutenant came out mounted on his thoroughbred. Percora's eyes bulged out at the sight.

"'Herr Lieutenant," he said, "as you undoubtedly know, a subaltern is not entitled to a mount, unless he is an adjutant."

"Herr Colonel — " began His Highness.

"Herr Lieutenant," Percora interrupted, "dismount and proceed afoot!"

And thus His Highness went afoot.

But His Highness's mother, who also was a Highness, penned a letter to her uncle in Vienna that the brutal Colonel Percora would force her son to an early grave, as the Prince had

never been overstrong since an illness in his childhood, and so on.

'And, in due course of time, Percora received a hint, and he went. Now I hear that he is somewhere out in the country, sitting by a stream and fishing. Superman — hm!'

The captain was at the end of his story. The rest of our evening together was dull and uninteresting.

MEMORIES OF PIERRE LOTI

BY HENRI DE RÉGNIER

[This article is to be the preface to a new edition of Loti's novels. The author is a well-known poet and a member of the French Academy.]

From *Figaro*, October 24

(FRENCH RADICAL DAILY)

It was in Constantinople during the summer of 1904 that I saw Pierre Loti for the first time. He was in command of the French cruiser, *Le Vautour*, stationed on the Bosphorus opposite Fort Top-Herné. By chance the yacht, *La Velleda*, belonging to the Duke Decazes, with whom I was cruising that summer in the Mediterranean, was anchored next to him. After touching at Corsica and Sicily and skirting along the Greek coast and through the islands of the Archipelago, we had visited Mount Athos, and had then come down the Sea of Marmora, where Stamboul lay before us one morning in all its glory and mystery, with its Byzantine walls, its seraglios, its mosques and cupolas, its minarets and cypresses, breathing Oriental beauty.

La Velleda was now moored opposite Top-Herné, some cable lengths distant from *Le Vautour*, to whose dis-

tinguished commander, Pierre Loti I had a letter of introduction.

I made haste to carry this precious paper on board *Le Vautour*. The reply was not to wait. Pierre Loti made a future appointment.

I still cherish an exact and vivid picture of my first glimpse of Pierre Loti. I see myself again in the cabin of the cruiser, in the commanding officer's private room. This room was in the very stern of the ship. It was a sort of nook slightly lower than the platform which opened upon the deck on which a little cannon stood constantly watching, on its pivot. This room, decorated with Oriental stuffs, contained a tiny divan and a number of chairs.

Suddenly one of the portières was lifted. Pierre Loti came in. He was dressed in his uniform, and walked very erect, a little stiffly, holding his head high. He was a trim figure, and his

little body was well formed, giving an impression of dignity and elegance combined with a distant, timid, and superior air. His face did not belie this impression. He had a bright complexion, large nose, sensual mouth, admirable eyes — eyes that had gazed on so many seas and skies, that had seen the most beautiful spectacles in the world, distinguished each color and shade, and retained a memory of all the forms they had ever envisioned. This man on the divan beside me was Pierre Loti — Loti, the enchanter, Loti the magician; and this admiration for him that I did not dare to express I should have liked to have him feel and understand. Alas, only commonplace expressions fell from my lips, to which he replied with a nervous courtesy aided by the screen of cigarette smoke with which he covered the long pauses in our conversation.

Fortunately this first and rather cold interview was followed by later meetings. Between La Velleda and Le Vantour friendly relations were established to which Pierre Loti lent himself with charming good nature, always appreciating feelings that one did not know how to express. Walks through Stamboul drew us together, and I recall them with real emotion. Think of what it meant for a passionate admirer of Loti to wander beside him through this Stamboul which he had put into his first book, this Stamboul where he had lived in the day of *Aziyadé*, whither he returned later to evoke the magic of the *Fantôme d'Orient* — a melancholy and touching masterpiece; and the place where he was at that moment working over the pathetic plot of his *Désenchantées*. To be seated beside Pierre Loti in that little café near the mosque Mehmet Fatih, of which he has spoken more than once, to glide with him in a little yawl over the Bosphorus or the quiet water of the Golden

Horn, are not these beautiful and precious memories? I have taken this occasion to awaken them again for a minute while I do homage here to that great writer in a few pages which are to serve as a preface to his works.

In *Aziyadé* Pierre Loti made his début, not only in the novel but in literature. We know the great acclaim that greeted this first book from the hand of an unknown, anonymous author. The charming, mysterious beauty of the work, its originality, its novel charm, everything gave evidence of the presence of a great writer. In a language of intentional simplicity, and with a deep sincerity of expression, the author of *Aziyadé* told us of a love affair of a young naval officer with a Turkish woman, setting his picture in the prodigiously decorated frame of Constantinople.

People felt that this story was an authentic one, with certain necessary transpositions. It was the most pathetic of novels, the most stirring of love poems. The man who had written it was not only a marvelous descriptive writer, but was also a great poet of passion, melancholy, anguish, love, absence, forgetfulness, and death. With Pierre Loti something new came into our literature — a particular way of appreciating shades of feeling and sentiment hitherto unsuspected; for all of these were contained in this miraculous little book, written by a novice who, alone with the eternal passion and torment of his emotions, evoked the whole secret life of sullen Turkey — its mosques and palaces, its fountains and tombs, its roses and cypresses.

To this Turkey of his youth Pierre Loti remained piously and gallantly faithful. She it is who inspired the gorgeous pages of his *Fantôme d'Orient*. She it is to whom he did homage in his *Désenchantées*. Even the war did not change his feeling. He deplored the

political mistake that placed Turkey in the enemy's camp, and with courageous pertinacity he always begged justice and indulgence for her. Even more recently, in the *Suprêmes visions d'Orient*, he celebrated this beloved country where part of his heart lay, the country that had been one of his favorite stations during that fifty years' pilgrimage that led him through all quarters of the globe, and from which, directly or indirectly, his immortal work is born. Let us salute him then, with Madame Gérard d'Houville, as the passionate pilgrim whose image she has marvelously traced for us. On his hat of brown baize hangs a string of sea shells. He also holds that pilgrim staff that has flowered only once for Tannhäuser, and that becomes in his hands the magic wand of a wizard.

Thus from country to country, from dream to dream, from love to love, from sadness to sadness, this mysterious predestinate one wandered, a melancholy lover of fugitive things. At every pause in his trip he tells us of his long journeys. He brings before our eyes the countries through which he has passed and, better still, he revives them in our dim memory. The pilgrim's staff does not trace lines, letters, contours, or dead images on the ground. It only describes a charmed circle, and palaces rise up, temples collapse, forests are lost in shadows; unknown people come to life before our eyes; they breathe and die; their hearts beat, their tears flow; suns rise and set, flowers blossom, and in the encroaching night we see the pilgrim who has created this dream for us setting forth again for unknown places.

Pierre Loti owes his popularity to the novels that form a large part of his work. In this group he includes beauties of various kinds. Among his stories there are some that could be called autobiographical, others that are pure-

ly imaginative. In the former Pierre Loti depicts certain episodes in his life, modifying them more or less; in the latter he invents characters that he puts in places and settings where he himself has lived. The most typical examples of his autobiographical novels are *Aziyadé*, *Le mariage de Loti*, and *Madame Chrysanthème*, while stories like *Pêcheur d'Islande*, *Le roman d'un spahi*, and *Ramuntcho* are imaginative works. But all of them are imbued with the simplicity of character and action that is typical of Loti, for he reduces to the lowest possible limit the tricks and complications of romance. He likes primitive people because he feels himself one of them, and what he naturally expresses is the most general and eternal emotions. What he likes best to write about is the beauty of things and the flight of time. His great themes are love and death.

In one of our villages on the western coast there is a mysterious house. Nothing about it attracts the attention of the passer-by — it is a middle-class house of modest exterior, but it is a marvelous spot. It is the place where Pierre Loti was born and where he lived as a child. From there he set forth to travel over sea and land. He returned there, carrying back with him from each voyage a homesickness, a keen desire to get away, a more intense desire to see and feel, and to touch what he remembered with his eternal genius. Among thousands of objects picked up in far-off places, each one carrying with it some kind of memory from the Orient and the South Seas, from Japan and China, Pierre Loti evoked the magic dream of his life in the old house where he was born, whose door will never again open for him; but glory, the light that shines on the dead, will always watch over him with an immortal and gentle glow.

A TIFLIS SPECTACLE

BY Z. RICHTER

From *Izvestia*, October 18
(MOSCOW OFFICIAL DAILY)

I KNOW of no other city with such a mixture of periods, nations, styles, and customs as Tiflis. Before its monuments and ancient ruins one stands under the spell of a culture much older than our own; the Georgian nation existed when Rome was not yet Rome, and the very name of Europe had not been pronounced. To-day automobiles hurry along its streets, and red flags proclaim violently that we are in a Soviet capital whose lively pulse carries us forward on the wings of the future. Then, of a sudden, a veiled Turkish woman passes, or a little street-scene takes us abruptly back into the dark ages of a patriarchal world.

The Shachsei-Vachsei — or Shiite-Moslem festivities in honor of the Holy Imams, Husein and Hasan — are the strangest sight I have witnessed here. These last several days, and reproduce the whole story of their suffering and death. On the eve of the last holy day, when fanatic believers slash themselves with sabres, the commander of the city militia took me to a mosque. The interior was lighted with candles and crowded with worshipers. Women occupied seats in the gallery. From a high vaulted niche, painted green, a middle-aged mullah told with dramatic phrasing and gestures, and deep feeling, the touching story of the sufferings of Husein and Hasan. Moslems sat on their prayer rugs and sobbed aloud, covering their faces with handkerchiefs. But the solemnity of the moment did not prevent the fat and

sly-eyed overseer of the mosque from pursuing industriously his usual task of collecting alms; rustling paper bills were counted almost at the feet of the mullah, while he moaned tragically: 'Oh, Husein! Oh, Hasan!'

Suddenly the crowd of the faithful stirred. Doors were flung open and young men in pairs, with the appearance of operatic priests, marched in with measured strides. Their arms were crossed over their chests. Their clothing and the kerchiefs tied around their heads were black, their bronzed faces and glowing eyes suggested wild fanatics. They halted, each couple face to face, and began to chant with great pathos, striking themselves on the chest at regular intervals and exclaiming '*Shachsei Vachsei*!' As soon as they had left, another procession took their place. Some of the participants were hardly more than children. They carried chains with which they flogged themselves across their bare backs. My nerves demanded relief from this scene, and we left the mosque.

We then walked through the narrow alleys of the Armenian bazaar, lighted with little wall-lanterns and usually empty at such late hours, but now filled with people. Between two walls of spectators a procession of fanatics marched toward the mosque, preceded by torchbearers. Where are we, I asked myself, and what age is this?

The following day all Tiflis went out of town to the Moslem graveyard. Spectators sat upon the slope of a neighboring hill, and on fences and the

roofs of near-by houses. The predominating colors were orange, pale-brown, violet, and black. Turkish women were huddled in their veils, but wore smart lacquered slippers and colored stockings. Peddlers offered pieces of white cloth to those who wanted to take part in the procession. Mullahs stood at a little table gathering contributions. Mounted militia were at hand to preserve order — amid this licensed disorder!

Then the ceremony began. At the head of the procession was led a white-caparisoned horse with bloodstained housings, and two pigeons fastened to his back. Then followed other allegorical representations: the model of a town with a mosque; a woman, upon a palanquin, rocking a cradle — personifying the wife of one of the Saints; 'war prisoners' driven by horsemen holding long boughs; and the self-martyrs of yesterday, flogging themselves with chains.

Finally a band approached playing a weird, discordant air, and followed by the wildest of the fanatics in white

khalats stained with blood. These carried daggers with which they slashed their shaven heads and bare shoulders; men ran alongside them, wiping away with pieces of cotton the blood that streamed down their faces. A horse was led by the bridle; upon its back sat a man bent low over the animal's mane. A dagger was thrust through his turban so that at each little jolt its point wounded the man's head and a streamlet of blood ran down his nose. Other 'martyrs' walked past us stripped to the waist, with heavy weights affixed to sharp hooks tearing their skin. Some had arrows thrust into their bodies. One of them fell exhausted and was dragged out of the way.

Next to me stood several Moslem youths belonging to the Young Communists' Alliance — the organization that gets up mock-Easter and mock-Christmas ceremonies in the streets of Russian cities. They loudly protested their indignation, and declared that this would be the last Shachsei-Vachsei; that next year they would prevent its repetition.

TRANSLATION FROM A GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BY R. A. FURNESS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

O PAPHIAN! when with that beguiling maid
Hermione I played,
The flower-embroidered girdle that she wore
Some golden letters bore.
'Love me,' the writing round the girdle ran,
'And grieve not if I take another man.'

A PAGE OF VERSE

ENCHANTMENT

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

[*To-day*]

SLUGGARD from dreams the mind
Wakes upon actual day
Where no dim caravans wind
Away and far away.

In hours of clashing sense
Here neither scent nor gleam
For spirit's recompense
The fragile flowers of dream.

But in the night, when sleep
From her gray vessel pours
Respite drowsy and deep,
And Mind opens its doors,

Then, then, with haunting tone,
Words linked in sweetness fall,
And I, rapt and alone,
Am Music's thrall.

O snared from wandering songs
In vibrant leagues of air,
What words in tumbling throngs
Enchant me there!

Phrase upon golden phrase
Builted in tranquil dream:
I am my own amaze,
I am not what I seem.

LAMENT

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*Observer*]

'T is here they say the journey ends
And little doubt it must be so;

But, as I tell my bestest friends,
I hate to go.

For eighty year I've went and come
'Long with the lowliest of the low;
Yet, though the workhouse be my
home,
I hate to go.

'T was good to sit and turn the news
And hear of others' weal or woe;
Even from the sick-ward's window
views
I hate to go.

A parlous thought, the silent throng
Who'll greet my bones in Beggar's
Row.

Bound up along, or down along,
I hate to go.

THERE IS A SOLEMN WIND TO-NIGHT

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

[*Adelphi*]

THERE is a solemn wind to-night
That sings of solemn rain;
The trees that have been quiet so long
Flutter and start again.

The slender trees, the heavy trees,
The fruit trees laden and proud,
Lift up their branches to the wind
That cries to them so loud.

The little bushes and the plants
Bow to the solemn sound,
And every tiniest blade of grass
Shakes on the quiet ground.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ARCHÆOLOGY HERE AND THERE

It is not for want of better material elsewhere that the archæological searchlight has lately been turned toward France. The little village of Cabrerets in the Department of Lot has been the scene of a dramatic discovery of palæolithic relics that have attracted wide attention. The parish priest, a certain Abbé Lemozi, has for some years been absorbed in the study of the early human life that existed in this district. He had interested one of the boys in the village, and between them they had collected a number of ancient remains. But they had not found anything out of the ordinary until one day, as the boy was ranging the hills outside the town, he came upon a narrow fissure in the rocks. Worming his way in he discovered that he had entered a great cave, on the walls of which faintly colored drawings were dimly discernible. He at once sought out his friend the Abbé, who made a thorough investigation of the cave and found that it contained a number of great halls connected by narrow apertures. The walls of all these halls were decorated with pictures scratched on the stone with sharp flint instruments. These pictures represented various animals: reindeer, horses, and mammoths. The simple style of this art resembles strongly what has been found in the caves of Spain. Scholars estimate that the remains are twelve thousand years old and reveal signs of something resembling civilization. They are the first signs in Europe of the *homo sapiens* as compared with the brute Neanderthal man.

In England a much more recent period in history has been illuminated through the publishing of an inscription

written by the Roman Emperor Augustus, celebrating at the close of his life his own virtues and achievements. The writing was found engraved on some brazen pillars in Angora whose existence has been recognized for centuries but which nobody has ever taken the trouble to record. The inscription, in fact, contains nothing new, but it illustrates the habits of mind of Imperial Rome, to which an editorial writer in the London *Times* glowingly compares the democratic outlook of the British Commonwealth of Nations. 'Egypt,' says the casual Augustus, 'I added to the empire of the Roman people. I extended the frontiers of all the provinces of the Roman people which had as neighbors races not obedient to our empire.' He explains that he received the name of Augustus 'to commemorate my virtue, clemency, justice, and piety. After that time I stood before all others in dignity, but of actual power I possessed no more than my colleagues in each several magistracy.'

And in the meantime Mr. Howard Carter digs in Egypt. On him are fixed many expectant eyes. 'Nemo,' political scrivener for the London *Outlook*, confesses to a romantic interest in the Tut-ankh-amen expedition in terms that are worth quoting.

I earn my living by trying to keep in touch with world politics, but my heart is in the desert with Mr. Carter, most fortunate of men. I shall go on reading about Tut-ankh-amen and dreaming about him, and meet unashamed the sneers of my friends, and I have a strong belief that more people than would admit it feel as I do. These 'stunts' are not manufactured by the newspapers, as seems to be assumed. They cannot be. Without deep and in-

tense public interest, the Tut-an-akh-amen boom would collapse overnight, nor do I believe that, the novelty having worn off, the public will tire of the story. As the tabernacles are removed, and the final shrine uncovered, I think the world will forget Reparations and the Ruhr, inflation and trade crises, while it waits with intense eagerness as Mr. Carter plucks out the heart from Tut-an-akh-amen's mystery.

How unfortunate that so few of our serious important men permit themselves to hold such opinions — at least in public.

AN ATHLETIC ANNIVERSARY

THE year 1923 is the centenary of many important events in the march of human progress and not the least momentous occurrence that England commemorates this year is the introduction of the game of Rugby football on which the American game is based. The official exercises of the sport-loving Britons took the form of the installation of a tablet to the memory of a certain Mr. Ellis, whose exploit is described as follows:—

THIS STONE
COMMEMORATES THE EXPLOIT OF
WILLIAM WEBB ELLIS,
WHO, WITH A FINE DISREGARD FOR THE
RULES OF FOOTBALL
AS PLAYED IN HIS TIME,
FIRST TOOK THE BALL IN HIS ARMS AND
RAN WITH IT,
THUS ORIGINATING THE DISTINCTIVE
FEATURE OF
THE RUGBY GAME,
A.D. 1823.

History, however, would not agree with the Rugby school authorities in according to Ellis an unique place in sporting annals, for long previous to 1823 games of football had been played in which the ball was carried. In fact, football can be traced back to ancient Greece, down through Imperial Rome, and into the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The game was always an

aristocratic sport, in which never more than twenty-five players were engaged on each side until the English took it up. Probably imported by the Normans, football became in Great Britain a public menace against which successive monarchs issued thundering edicts. The reason for this displeasure was that whole villages would participate and the winning side would be that which suffered from the fewer broken heads and bones. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the sport reached its height.

But, rough as football may have been in England, it was gentle compared with the somewhat similar Welsh game of Knappen as played three or four centuries ago. According to a contemporary report, two thousand people would participate, using a greased ball of wood, and then 'all who had horses rode and carried hazel sticks of specified circumferences with which they beat the footman running with the ball on the head till he dropped it, the infantry using their fists with similar freedom.'

A PICTURE OF GOETHE IN RUSSIA

IN the year 1811 a Russian by the name of Uvarov — a rich young man of considerable culture — decided to found at Kiev an academy of Asiatic studies, and wrote to Goethe requesting his advice and support in the matter. Goethe was pleased with this appeal; he himself was at that time engaged in his Oriental studies, and later expressed himself: 'This Russian called me into those regions where I had long contemplated traveling.' From that time on the correspondence continued, with some interruptions, to be sure, but it was always renewed again. When, in later life, Uvarov reached the summit of his scientific and worldly career, he called on Goethe in person. He presented Goethe with a work of his written in German; and Goethe re-

marked on this occasion: 'Here at last we see a man of ability, talent, and spiritual culture who has risen high above the deplorable limitations of linguistic patriotism; who, like a perfect master of the musical art, expresses through his well-tuned organ the feeling and the spirit of the moment.'

At one time the Russian sent Goethe some plates illustrating Indian poetry. It was this fact which prompted Goethe to say: 'I had cherished the thought before of writing a poetical version of the Vedas.'

Uvarov did not write perfect German. Goethe, on the other hand, liked to dress up his pedantic remarks in an agreeable form, and he wrote once to Uvarov: 'You have no reason to beg my pardon for your command of German; you have achieved something that I myself could not do: you forgot the German grammar.'

A commission of the Soviet Fine Arts Office has lately visited the country mansion that used to belong to the Uvarov family in order to confiscate for the State objects of art, as has been done all over the country. It was then that Goethe's portrait was found. Its originality is undoubted. A legend on the back says: 'Goethe, painted by Jagemann, 1818.' It could hardly be a present from Goethe. It seems more probable that Uvarov had ordered this picture of the painter Jagemann. The size of the picture is seventy-three by fifty-seven centimetres. The original is now at Moscow and only a photograph has come into the possession of a writer in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, but it appears much stronger and better executed than the copy of the same picture at Weimar that has been the only one known heretofore. It is not as perfect as the chalk-drawing of Goethe by the same artist. The pale, suffering countenance of the aged Goethe is most noticeable here, as well as the great,

searching eyes. The Germans who know Goethe's face only by his half-dozen popular pictures may be dismayed by this one; but those who studied his soul will find a new human document in this representation of an immensely lonely man clad in the garb of a court dignitary.

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A MAH JONG LYRIC

A GREAT many English newspapers employ some whimsical bard who tries with varying success to recapture the inimitable spirit of a W. S. Gilbert or a C. S. Calverley. One of these men, Mr. Gordon Phillips of the *Manchester Guardian*, frequently writes some really clever verse, of which the following stanzas on Mah Jong are typical. Mr. Phillips assumes the pen-name 'Lucio.'

I propose to take as subject of my song
The prospective, growth and triumph of Mah
Jong

(In which plan I am supported
By the fact — which can't be thwarted —
There are several well-assorted
Rhymes in 'ong').

Do they play it to the beating of a gong,
This inviting, this exciting game, Mah Jong?
At the subsequent collation
Do the guests (with imprecation)
Use a chopstick for their ration
Or a prong?

Does light conversation help the game along?
Does one chatter as one joins the earnest throng?
Or sit silent as a mummy?
Does it need a fourth or dummy?
Is it aught like 'nap' or 'rummy,'
This Mah Jong?

Are there 'local rules,' I wonder, in Mah Jong?
Is the code the same from Bolivar to Bhong?
Though the thought a trifle strange is
It may be the custom changes
As from Harrogate one ranges
To Hongkong.

My inquiries now enwrap me like a thong;
But I'm told a doom has sounded ding-a-dong;
Bridge is fighting for survival,
So, with praises adjectival,
I salute the glad arrival
Of Mah Jong.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

THREE years ago the Gyldendal publishers announced a literary contest with a prize of seventy thousand kroner, for the best novel of Scandinavian life. It was to be written in a popular manner and have for foundation the literary traditions of Dostoevskii, the master of psychoanalysis, and Dickens, the master-painter of the life of the inconspicuous, average person. The best Scandinavian writers competed, but the decision of the jury was utterly unexpected by the whole literary world. Men like Alexander Svenstrup, Andreas Haukland, Johannes Buchholz, Frederik Karstens presented their novels; but the prize was awarded to J. A. Larsen.

Who is he? The personality of this new Scandinavian writer does not call for much description. A retired journalist, a mediocre actor-manager, the author of a few popular theatrical plays and some unsuccessful novels, Larsen until of late was known only to a narrow circle of Copenhagen's literary and artistic Bohemia, and to a few theatre-managers and publishers. He himself hardly expected to be awarded the Gyldendal prize.

The book is called *The Philosopher's Stone*, and its rather involved plot deals with the lives of three young idealistic Danes who come up to Copenhagen from the quiet contentment of their native village. They start to tread the primrose path with disastrous results. One of them commits suicide, another is sent to jail for murdering his sweetheart, but the third is rescued by the love of a pure woman, who prevails on him to go to western North America. Here, in the familiar great open spaces, he finds God and the philosopher's stone of religious contemplation.

When he returns to Denmark some years later he finds that his surviving friend has received a pardon, which he is bearing like a cross imposed by Providence. He is leading a hard-working life and has become a true Christian — half philosopher and half saint, for his prison experience has softened his heart and purged his soul. But the two philosopher's stones are not exactly the same and this is the point of the book. There is no all-embracing idea that can make man happy; there is even no universal harmony. Life is infinitely complex and terrible, and the philosopher's stone of each individual is different, and is obtained only by moral perfection and the harmonizing of the spirit with the exigencies of existence.



STOKE POGES IN DANGER

SUCH a serious state of decay has been found to exist in the spire of Stoke Poges Church that all lovers of Gray's *Elegy* are being appealed to to raise £6000 to save the historic structure from the collapse with which it is being threatened. The stonework of the belfry windows and the coping must be replaced and the most important timbers in the structure of the wooden spire are so rotten that the whole thing may fall in at any time. It follows that the present tower must be entirely made over or a new one built. Another danger is that the land adjoining the church may be bought up and used for some kind of house that would spoil much of the beauty of the churchyard. The parish cannot possibly afford to pay for all of this, and Americans are reminded that John Penn, second son of the founder of Pennsylvania, erected a sarcophagus just outside the yard.

BOOKS ABROAD

The World Crisis, 1915, by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. London: Thornton Butterworth, New York: Scribner, 1923. \$6.50.

[Graham Wallas in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

MR. CHURCHILL'S vigorous and well-written second volume raises many questions, both of past history and of future policy.

The main argument of the book is an attempt to show, with the help of unpublished official documents and the new German and Turkish evidence, that in the Dardanelles controversy of 1915 Mr. Churchill was right, and nearly everyone else was wrong. To a layman like myself, Mr. Churchill seems to make out a very strong case; though, if it were argued that a verdict in his favor shows that he ought to be Foreign Secretary or War Secretary in 1923, I should answer that his Russian policy in 1919 offers better evidence as to his fitness for high office than his Dardanelles policy in 1915.

But to me the most important problem raised by the book is not Mr. Churchill's fitness for office, but the adequacy of the present organization, training, and direction of our armed forces. Every serious war in which Britain or the British Empire will in future be engaged will be an amphibious — or rather tribious — war, if only because we shall not be able to embark a soldier or gun from our own shores or land one elsewhere without the risk of attack by sea and air. Success in such warfare requires the invention, modification, and execution of plans involving action in all three elements.

Now, among all the persons concerned in the preparation of the Dardanelles campaign, Mr. Churchill alone possessed the combined knowledge necessary for the strategical problem involved. Like Chatham, when he directed as Minister the amphibious Seven Years' War, Mr. Churchill had been a 'cornet of horse.' He had spent some years in the army, had fought as a soldier in the Boer War, and had been a war-correspondent in the Sudan. In 1915 he had also been for three years First Lord of the Admiralty, and during those three years had, with splendid industry, quickness, and imagination, made himself a fairly competent judge of naval and naval-aerial technique. No one but himself could, for instance, have written with the necessary vision and confidence the memorandum printed on pp. 482 to 484. It was this vision, even more than his energy and his skill in words, which enabled him to 'hypnotize' — as Lord Fisher says on p. 308 — his colleagues. But his monopoly of the necessary vision involved serious strategical dangers. He was the two-eyed

man in a one-eyed group, and no one else could criticize his arguments on equal terms.

More important was the fact that when once out of his presence his 'hypnotized' colleagues began to repent of their agreement with him. He describes vividly the 'great and continuous pressure' which he put upon Lord Fisher, and the steps by which he forced his colleagues to do what at the time they thought unwise because at a former time they had consented to it. 'When others weakened or changed their opinion without adducing new reasons, I held them strongly to their previous decisions.'

The necessary complications of modern warfare are so serious that there is no need why we should create or retain unnecessary complications. A modern nation at war must carry through the heart-breaking task of coördinating the minds and wills of statesmen, diplomats, industrial organizers, and professional fighting men. Why should we further divide our fighting men into three professions morally and intellectually isolated from each other?

[Lt.-Col. Repington in the *Daily Telegraph*]

THE book is undoubtedly of very great interest. It is enriched and distinguished by the author's talent for writing, by uncanny gifts for special pleading, and by infinite incapacity to bore. It is packed full of pseudosecret documents, private letters, and summaries of War Council meetings. The Official Secrets Act has no terrors for ex-Ministers, and the next person convicted under it will have cause for serious complaint. We are permitted to observe, as from a stage box, the play of personalities, passions, and prejudices aroused by the not distant clash of arms. Among the personalities the figures of Kitchener and Fisher may be among those whom history will account great, and there are scores of other personages involved whose conduct will interest posterity.

We receive an impression that Mr. Churchill was everything on the War Council, and his colleagues nothing. 'The Admiralty is actually carrying on the war,' he writes to Mr. Asquith, and the Admiralty was Mr. Churchill. Mr. Asquith is not given the dominant position which, in common esteem, he occupied. He appears rather as taking a motherly, if languid, interest in the activities of his irrepressible First Lord, but there is fastened upon him full knowledge of and acquiescence in all that is done.

In this book Mr. Churchill is preaching a deadly heresy throughout, the heresy of the Easterners, who pusillanimously averted their gaze from the hard but unavoidable task of

overcoming the main German armies in the decisive theatre, and sought, by the exercise of their imagination, to win the war by legerdemain. Without adequate plans or means they disseminated our armies all over the earth in chase of chimeras, and by wasting our resources they became the prime architects of our defeat of March 1918 in France. Not until we are given Sir Maurice Hankey's paper of December 28, 1914, and Mr. Lloyd George's of January 1, 1915, shall we be able to trace the origin of these errors and to fix a date upon which the perversion of the War Council was accomplished.

But meanwhile it is enough to know that the author of this book was the most vocal preacher of the Eastern heresy in 1915. To him and to the Eastern school we owe the greatest defeat in the history of the Army, and, whatever our regard may be for him personally, we can no more make a compromise with him on this subject than John Knox could with the Mass.

[General Maurice in the *Spectator*]

In his conclusions as to the consequences of the evacuation of the Dardanelles, Mr. Churchill is more inaccurate than one would conceive it possible for a man with any sense of responsibility to be. He says:—

'Turkey was placed in a position simultaneously to threaten Egypt and to reinforce Mesopotamia. The thirteen evacuated British divisions, having been rested and refitted, were required to guard against the last two of these new dangers. The whole of the new army sent by France and Britain from the French theatre, amounting to seven additional divisions, was assigned to the defense of Saloniki. Apart from the Anzacs, scarcely any of these twenty divisions even fought against the Germans during the rest of the war.'

What are the published facts? Of the thirteen divisions from Gallipoli eight went to France and fought Germans, one to Mesopotamia, one to Saloniki, three only remained in Egypt, and one of these was broken up soon after it arrived from the Dardanelles. This is how he describes Allenby's remarkably rapid and brilliant advances in Palestine: 'We toiled and fought our way mile by mile and even yard by yard from Gaza to Jerusalem, from Jerusalem to Damascus.' Allenby's army covered the seventy miles from Gaza to Jerusalem between November 7 and December 9, 1917, and the one hundred and sixty miles from Jerusalem to Damascus between September 19 and September 30, 1918, the latter advance being one of the most rapid in the his-

tory of war. I have only exposed some of the grossest of Mr. Churchill's errors. His first volume left us thanking God that he had been at the Admiralty to prepare the Navy for war and to have our ships in time at their posts. This second volume leaves us thanking God that he ceased to have anything to do with the conduct of war before he had brought us to perdition.

[Outlook]

AND what of Mr. Churchill himself; what does this book reveal of the man under the trappings of office? I, for one, hold that he comes out very well. He made mistakes, the sort of mistakes which a man makes who makes anything; but at any rate here was a Man. It must have seemed to the barn-door poultry of the Liberal Cabinet, — always excepting Mr. Asquith, — that an eagle had swooped into their midst. His brain pierced the fog of war like a flaming sword; he was willing to test anything, try anything, and to take any amount of responsibility. These qualities in war are beyond price.

One great deed should always be remembered to Mr. Churchill's immortal credit. He it was who rescued the Tank idea from the official military baby-killers. He took up 'Landships' though they were no earthly business of his. He turned Tennyson d'Eyncourt, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, on to working out a practicable design. He authorized, on his own hook as the boys used to say, the expenditure of £70,000 upon experiments. He did not inform, officially, the Admiralty, the War Office, or the Treasury. By all the sacred rules of government finance Mr. Churchill should have been personally surcharged every penny which was expended on these landships. Then, when he had left the Admiralty and his landships were about to be scrapped, he prevailed on Mr. Balfour — a man with a wonderful military eye — to keep on with the construction of one experimental tank. This tank, thus rescued by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Balfour from the scrap-heap, was the famous 'Mother Tank,' which became the model of all the early tanks and the parent of all those other heavy tanks which did so much to win the war for us in 1918. A young civilian, backed up by an old one, did this great thing after all the blind military bats had turned the tanks down.

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